TROPICAL TOURS to TOLTEC TOWNS

MEXICO.

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

Tropical Tours

TO

Toltec Towns

IN

MEXICO

PRESENTED WITH COMPLIMENTS OF THE

MEXICAN NATIONAL R. R.

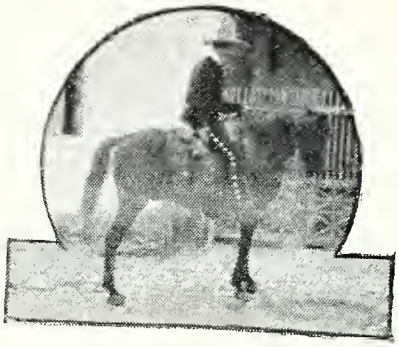
The Shortest, Quickest and Most Picturesque Route

BETWEEN

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES.

PUBLISHED BY THE MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILROAD.

1893.



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From the Border to the Capital.

A PROMINENT guide-book writer says, "The shape of Mexico is that of a cornucopia turned the wrong way"—the cornucopia is there, but it is by no means turned the wrong way: the big end is toward the United States, and there is naught for us to do but to pour out its treasures of climate, scenic beauty, antiquity, legends and commercial wealth for our delectation and to the prosperity of its people and ours.

It is a favorite "ism" to compare rather odiously the mountains, rivers and lakes of this continent with those of Europe; and applying the names of those on the other side to those on this side of the ocean is where the comparison becomes odious, as we have an American Rhine, a Switzerland and an Italy of America, down to Mexico, where an Egyptian title obtains which might be more complimentary to its age if it went the other way and Egypt was called the Mexico of the Old World. Even the title of "Old" is now disputed with the lands across the seas, as the history of Egypt's civilization is new, while Mexico's graven pillars, crumbling teocallis and ruined temples tell of a civilization whose generations run back through unremembered centuries and whose history must forever go unwritten.

The discovery of Mexico by Francisco Hernandez de Cordova was made on the 4th of March, 1517, at a point on the coast of Yucatan, and a year later was followed by Juan de Grijalva, who landed on the Island of San Juan de Ullua in the harbor of the existing city of Vera Cruz, from which port two years later Cortez commenced the march of the conquest, whose history is one of fascinating romance and adventure. The story of his battles, victories and defeats, the pomp and pageantry of Montezuma's court, to the fearful scenes of the *noche triste*, is familiar to every school boy, and the remembrance of it a lingering desire to see a country it was worth so many lives to obtain possession of—hence dates and statistical figures are unnecessary here. The all-important question of the traveler of to-day may be written in seven words: Which is the shortest and the quickest? Being answered satisfactorily, he proceeds at once, taking up his historical data en route.

Cortez could not have been impressed with the country from a first view, any more than the modern traveler is when he comes to the border at Laredo

and looks across the murky waters of the Rio Grande to the plains on the other side, and, beyond them, to the barren, treeless, verdureless hills that would seem to shut out anything but the charmingly delightful country that opens up from their southern slopes, and, but for the tale of wealth, of salubrious clime, of people queer and quaint, of obelisks and temple ruins, of mysterious idol gods and pyramids, of cities falling on their own crumbling walls, not only Cortez, but every modern traveler would turn back discouraged on the first impression at the boundary hills. But the story of a country so unique in varied attractions is to be relied upon and the journey continued.

FROM A BACK COUNTY.

To go from one place to another in one's own country is to see another town or city with similar streets and houses and a people of similar habits and customs; to go from New York to San Francisco is hardly a change of scene—the street scenes are the same, the interior views are alike, and the dress of the San Franciscan, his manners and customs differ not from the New Yorker. Herein then, lies the charm of foreign travel. And it is surprising how great the difference, just here and across the border—a narrow, muddy river like the Rio Grande is the dividing line between the Nineteenth and the Sixteenth centuries, and perhaps the Tenth or Twelfth, or a bygone age that is dateless. It is true there is a mingling of the modern with the ancient in Mexico, but there is enough of the ancient to make one journey, or two, or a dozen, intensely interesting and fascinatingly charming.

ACÁMBARO AMATEURS.

As I say, the charm begins when the river is crossed, but the transition of a night from the border city of Laredo is the stepping back some hundred years as one contemplates it in the shadow of the ruins of the Bishop's Palace on the hill that overlooks the valley and city of Monterey, and if it were not for the steel shining rails of the Mexican National Railway, and the smelters' smoking chimneys that have modernized and Americanized the view, the spell of the other century might not be broken of the legend and history of this Bishop's Palace; and of the battle wherein it was a citadel any native will discourse to you, or you may read it in the guide book, which, as says Shakespeare, "ne'er did lie, though folks at home condemn 'em." There are hundreds of quaint old ruins—aye, thousands—in Mexico that no book or paper ever tells of, and the interested traveler finds how little of the story has been told him.

THE BISHOP'S PALACE, MONTEREY.

Of the people, what shall I say of them? I don't mean those who wear the Parisian bonnet instead of the lace mantilla, or the silken tile instead of the silvered sombrero, but the oldest inhabitants—those of the ancient Spanish dress, and of the humbler sort who might trace their lineage to the great Aztecs and Toltec times; but the country is modernizing, and he who would see the primitiveness of it should go to-day nor wait *hasta mañana*, as the natives say, for to-morrow the other century may be blotted by the nineteenth.

One is more interested in character sketches than landscapes, because one cannot always locate the landscape except by the title, and a picture of a pyramid of Egypt might have a title locating it in Mexico and even the man who has been there and knows it all can't identify it; fact is, a picture of Jerusalem has been printed along with that of a Mexican city without placing any titles, and the reader asked to guess "which is which," and nine times

out of ten Jerusalem's portrait was assigned to Mexico. A landscape along the line of the Mexican National Railroad might be credited to a railroad across the Alps but for the title under the picture; but the natives of Mexico can be assigned to no other country on earth. It is not necessary to walk out into the country or take a horse or a buggy and ride to find the native—he is to be found under the car window at every station; he may come to sell an opal to the unsuspecting *gringo* from the United States, or tempt him to a glass of *pulque*; the purchase of either may or may not be regretted, as the *gringo* is or is not liberally constituted. The native may play a fiddle (for he is never a violinist) or ask alms minus the music, or may trudge along, carry (instead of saw) wood and say nothing, or he may bathe in the sluiceway from some hot spring or an irrigation ditch, "with no other protection," as a prominent writer has said, "than the blue sky and the Republic of Mexico."

FREIGHT COMPETITION.

Not a country on earth, perhaps, presented greater difficulties of travel and transportation before the advent of railroads than Mexico—the

high hills seemed insurmountable barriers, and the deep valleys unapproachable from the precipitous heights. But the hills were climbed and the valleys invaded, till the narrow paths were hard beaten for centuries before the surveyors ran their chains along them and located the road-bed of the iron horse, where only the sure-footed, patient burro had been driven by a not less sure-footed and patient peon driver.

I wondered much when I read my early geography lesson, and saw the picture of an inverted mule in a wild tumble down a mountain side, with only his pack-saddle as a possible soft thing to light on, and then only in case he should strike on his back; but when I came to take a burro ride from the station on the Mexican National Railroad to the great mining town of Catorce, or across the Sierra Madres from Toluca to the city of Mexico, I ceased to wonder at the tumble taken by the burro as remembered from the geography, yet wondered more how a railroad could be built where a burro couldn't walk with comfort, much less safety to himself.

But it has been done, and the traveler rolls in luxurious ease in the Pullman palace with as much safety as on the plains of Texas, and looks down into the awful gorges where many a burro has turned up his to—hoofs and turned down his load of silver ore as he rolled o'er and o'er to a rushing torrent of a mountain stream a thousand feet below. All these are forgotten in the magnificence of the view down the cañons and across them. At least they would be forgotten if the burros were not still there—as they really are, and forming a serious competition with the railways, as may be seen in the droves along the great, broad highway that runs along the Mexican National Railroad across the plain of Toluca, up and over the rugged sides of the Sierras, carrying the produce from the haciendas of the Toluca Valley to the markets of the capital.

So serious a competition were these burro trains in the early days of railroading, and before the natives had ceased to regard a car as a thing to be looked at but not touched, that the National made a cheap rate from Toluca to the city of Mexico for the native huckster and his stock of vegetables, poultry, wood or charcoal, in the hope to carry the business and do away with a troublesome competition.

The cheap rate was all well enough, but what was to become of the burro if left in Toluca, and how was the man to get his truck to market after arrival in the city? This was a problem that could have but one solving—the burro must go along, and he did. The rate was made to include

the burro, and he was put into a car along with his master, and they all went to town and back for one fare.

This was not the only competition. The driver carried as big a load as the

BUSINESS HEAVY.

driven, and the droves of human carriers seen along the roadside here form a distinctive feature in one of the most interesting scenes of the world, where it is but the twinkling of an eye to change from the towering grandeur of a lofty snow-capped peak down to the spreading plain, and to the old, once paved highway, just outside the car window there, with its men and animals carrying the commerce of a country that has wealth enough in her hills to buy the world.

This competition disappeared more quickly as to travel. Your Mexican has an eye for luxury, he knows a luxurious thing when he perceives it, and the Pullman car caught on, so to speak; it was an instantaneous success. The two-wheel ox-cart, with its coop-like body, and the diligencia are relegated to the off-the-railroad towns, and if you see a Mexican carrying his own blankets and bedding, you may be sure he is from a back county and this is his first trip. But to return to the story of the road.

A journey whose scenic effect does not rapidly improve can have but one redeeming feature—that of quick transit—in which the rapid revolutions of the wheels apologize for the featureless characteristics of the country, and do much to promote the placidity of a tourist on an otherwise tedious journey. When to this is added the knowledge that the desolate, cactus-covered plain ends at the foot of these blue hills that encircle it, and there are only a few hours of this, then every mile is full of interest. Crossing the Rio Salado and coming to the little town of Lampazos, the object of the journey for pleasure begins to be realized. South of the town on the right of the track is a mountain high and so level of crest that it is called *La Mesa*, the table. Its summit is nearly 2,000 feet above the plain, and along the rugged side of the cliff is a narrow path scarcely wider than is necessary for man and horse, or Indian and burro, to pass from the plain four miles to the summit. On the tip top of La Mesa is a level plain of nearly a hundred thousand acres of woodland and grass, well watered, where once was the home of a band of Cartujanos, an Indian tribe obtaining their name from an ancient Benedictine mission established there some hundreds of years ago; but the more prosaic history is told in the ownership of La Mesa by an Irish-Mexican, a landlord with the wit of his native and the courtesy of his adopted country.

Proceeding southwesterly, the Mexican National Railroad follows the old highway, that was first an Indian trail, then the highway of the Spanish king, and, later, the line of march of the American armies as they proceeded to the fields of what their greatest general has pronounced the most unholy and unjust war that was ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation. This is an up-grade pull to higher altitudes, passing the minor stations of Bustamente, Villaldama, Palo Blanco and Salinas in tortuous windings through the hills that seem to crowd around and shut off further progress at every turn; and thus on to the first of those delightful surprises so plentiful in Mexico—a beautiful valley, a level plain of fertile fields and green trees with circling hills, bluer as they are nearer and in the distance fading to a lighter azure, so faint

the line that it scaree ean be discerned where the mountain ends and sky begins.

In sueh a plain and valley is the beautiful city of MONTEREY, with its flowering gardens and running springs and streams of limpid water, its quaintly arched bridges in the narrow streets, its plazas and parks, its massive houses and eathedral towers. The plain spreads out to the foot-hills of the Sierra Madres and to the peak called *La Silla*, where 'tis no strain on the imagination to define the saddle-shaped top that gives its name, or of that other Cerro de las Mitras where the bishop's mitre hangs high in the heavens as if in benediction over a peaceful people. South of the city a smaller hill has an odd-looking structure, that was once the residence of the bishop, and later was a fortress in defense of the eity, the eapture of which made the entry of the eity an easy matter or the alternative of a destructive bombardment. Another point of interest and fine view is the Caido Hill, south of the eity, reached by earriage road to within a hundred yards of the summit.

On the border of the plain to the north and west are the famous Hot Springs of Topo Chico, famous long years ago, while of those of Arkansas (that are not superior to these) remained undiscovered, and for centuries under the patronage of the *élite* of Mexico, even to the august personage of Montezuma's daughter, who, fatigued in the giddy whirl of court life, eame to Topo Chico for rest and recreation, returning to the capital as good as new, and was ever afterward. Topo Chico is three miles distant from Monterey, reached by horse-cars from the plaza, the track running through the green fields that lie between the city and the Springs. There are superb baths and a good hotel, all under American management. The waters of the Topo Chieo are to beeome famous in this generation as in so many of the past, and now in these days of fast travel, many will journey thither as soon as 'tis known of the location on a main thoroughfare within six hours of the border, where the climate in December is as it is in June—an advantage not even elaimed by any rival. Monterey and Topo Chico must become a summer resort for the people of the great State of Texas, and a winter resort for all the other States. From the Mexican National Railroad station horse-cars lead to the hotels, which are especially good, to all parts of the city and to Topo Chico. This system is under a eareful and eompetent management that is watehful for their comfort and pleasure, as also for the traveler's patronage. Special ears may be hired and run "special," at the pleasure of the party. This is the best way to see the sights of Monterey, as the tracks reach all

points of interest. At Monterey connection is made with the Monterey and Mexican Gulf Railway for Tampico. (See list of side trips under "Other Towns and Tours.")

Southward from Monterey the scenery begins in earnest, following in the narrow valley of the San Juan, a great deep cut as if hewn from the towering rocks by the hand of Nature for a Titan roadway, now reduced to the uses of the modern railway, whose pigmy trains are little to insignificance as compared with the gigantic surrounding rocks, and the cut seems a misfit for even the ponderous locomotives that awaken the echoes as they, toiling, climb the resisting grades. The noisy little *Rio San Juan* foams and frets, first on this side, then on the other, as the track crosses from one side of the cañon to the other to find easier ways to get over the hills. The little hamlet of Garcia, sometimes called Pesqueria, is just below Santa Catarina, both places being objects of excursions by rail and carriage from Monterey. There are two caves at Garcia, and from the left windows of the cars a careful look will find a curious hole through the crest of the mountain, as if made by a monster cannon shot. From now on, it is hard to say which side of the car to select. To see it all an observation point on the rear platform is best, or make a round trip and sit on one side one way, and on the other going back; perhaps this is better, then you can sit still and take it easy. The wildness of scenery grows as the train rolls on through the ever-narrowing cañon, and each turn brings some new picture grander and more beautiful than that other just back around the curve, and so it is on the up grade all the time till the train rolls onto the elevated plateau and through the gardens and orchards to the station at SALTILLO, the capital of the State of Coahuila, a city celebrated for its good wine and the many and brightly colored *zerapes*, the pride of the Mexican's wardrobe, prized more highly than the overcoat of the American or the top-coat of the Englishman. To own a *zerape* of Saltillo is to possess the best and most artistically woven in intricate colors that can be produced with all the factories of Mexico striving to imitate those hand-woven in Saltillo. The climate of Saltillo is fine, but is at its best in summer, and has claims as a resort at all seasons.

There is an especially fine plaza and a cathedral; these and the long stone aqueduct which brings the city's water supply from the mountains, the old French fort, the gardens and the orchard, are objects of interest to the tourist. The Mexican National has a good restaurant and hotel at the station, and there are other good hotels in the city,

SADDLE MOUNTAIN, MONTEREY.

A few miles south of Saltillo is the battlefield of Buena Vista, pointed out from the windows on the left-hand side. Still on the up grade and still winding through the mountains, the train reaches the summit at Carneros, where the company has a coaling station. After Carneros the descent to the plain commences, and after reaching it, the track for a hundred and fifty miles is almost without a curve—a splendid track, where the distance might be made in three hours as far as danger of derailment is concerned, for miles and miles it is as straight as an arrow. Just before leaving the hills the village of Gomez Farias is pointed out on the right—once the home of a noted brigand, and now inhabited by his better-behaved descendants.

There is a fine grazing country on the plains, notably near La Ventura and El Salado, where may be seen herds of cattle, droves of horses and burros, taking life easy, living only to eat.

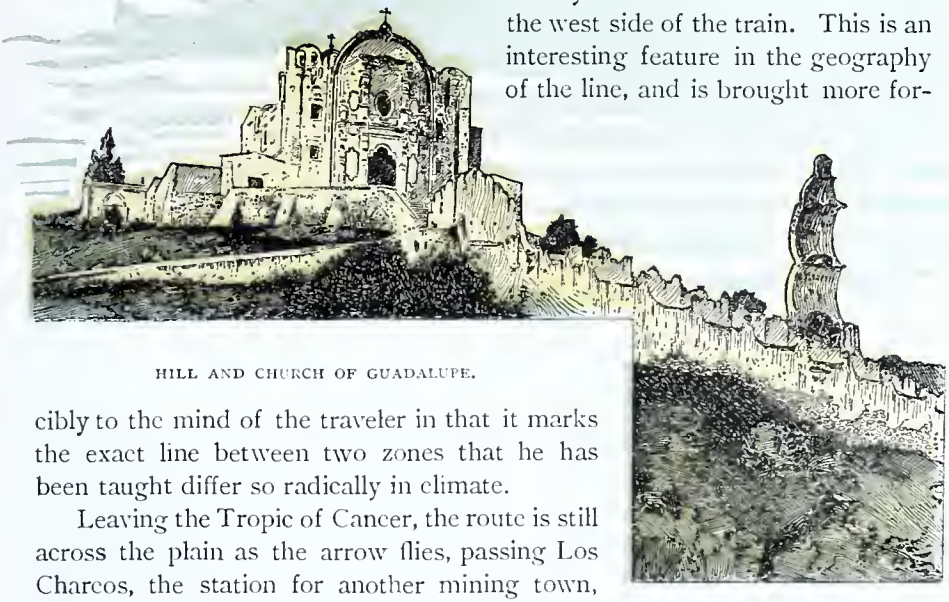
VANEGAS is the next station of importance: a railroad is now in operation toward Cedral and Matehuala. At Cedral, thirteen miles distant, are located extensive silver reduction works. Matehuala, fifteen miles beyond, is situated in a productive agricultural country, and is an extremely attractive place. There is a smelter here where is extracted the silver from the ores brought from the La Paz mines, which have produced great quantities of valuable mineral during the last decade. From Vanegas south we skirt the foot-hills of the mountain range, leaving it on the left, and come to the important station of CATORCE. The importance does not seem to cluster about the station and force itself on one's observation, and at first glance there is an idea of inquiry as to the use of the elegant stone station at Catorce—a seditious talker about Mexico said he had discovered that when he asked about some of the charming points in Mexico the answer was to the effect that they were somewhere else. While this is not true, one is apt to wonder why Catorce and other places of that ilk are set down as important. See the burros browsing or lazily lying on the shady side of the station or the jacals—their empty pack-saddles were just now under a burden of silver. Look across the plain; on the east side at the foot of the hills is a little patch of green where there is a village, the resting place of the pack trains of burros, the only means of transportation up the narrow path—that long brown line is the path that leads over hills where no wheels have ever rolled, to a city that has never heard their rumble, to the great mining city of Catorce, situated in the range eight miles from the station of the same name, merits more than a passing notice. Silver was discovered here about 1780, and the district at

THE GREAT MINING CITY OF CATORCE.

once took rank among the most important in Mexico. Ore of fabulous richness was found, and the records show that for more than thirty years, commencing with 1790, the value of the output amounted to over three million dollars annually. Here are hundreds of mines and miles of shafting and tunneling. The drainage tunnel of one mile alone, the San Augustin, extends into the mountain for more than a mile and a half, and was excavated at a cost of a million and a half of dollars. For its entire length a tramway has been constructed which is operated by mule power. Catorce should be one of the very interesting places in Mexico to the tourist. Here are found the customs of Mexico in their purity, unaffected by the influence of the stranger. Difficult of access, the town can be only reached by horseback or on foot. Catorce has seldom been visited by any except those making business trips. The ride up the mountains into the town is something, once accomplished, always to be remembered, partly from its element of personal peril, but more because of the beauty of the landscape encountered at every turn. Glancing down as you near your journey's end, you catch the gleam of the white walls of the town of Los Catorce outlined against the green of the mountain side. Thousands of feet below shimmer the waters of a mountain stream. The shifting coloring of the mountains, as light and shade chase each other over their ragged expanse, the browns and greens of the valley far below, and the hills in the hazy distance, are "beautiful exceedingly." The Real de Catorce is built on the side of a ravine near the top of the range, and has a varying population of from 8,000 to 20,000, as the mines are paying poorly or well. Here are found all varieties of silver ore, from carbonate to refractory ore, assaying $15,000 to the ton. Catorce has a fine cathedral, richly decorated, and a pretty plaza, the only level spot in the place. To use a railroad phrase, it is a combination of a cut and a fill, so that to tumble into it on one side or out on the other would be extremely disastrous. The streets are neatly paved, and run up and down hill, many of them at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The story of the wheels, or rather, the no-wheels, is a true one, literally, with the single exception in the (was about to say) "carting," but conveying is better, a carriage on burros to the city by a rich mine owner, but was abandoned; the wheels would roll one way easily enough, but it was difficult to get back to the starting point—and the innovation of wheels at Catorce was not accomplished. The word *catorce* in Spanish means fourteen. The mines were discovered by a bandit band of fourteen members.

Catorce is the last stop in the Temperate Zone. Before the train reaches the next station, La Maroma, it crosses the TROPIC OF CANCER and enters the Torrid Zone; but it is not to be inferred that the weather is to be warmer now, either in summer or winter. The memories of early geography lessons teach of latitude only, not even referring to the altitude of the section. Although within the tropics, it possesses a more delightful climate than anywhere in the United States. A pyramid erected by the Mexican National Railroad Company marks the spot where the track crosses the tropical line. It may be seen from the windows on the west side of the train. This is an interesting feature in the geography of the line, and is brought more forcibly to the mind of the traveler in that it marks the exact line between two zones that he has been taught differ so radically in climate.



HILL AND CHURCH OF GUADALUPE.

Leaving the Tropic of Cancer, the route is still across the plain as the arrow flies, passing Los Charcos, the station for another mining town, that of Charcos, where there are some valuable properties, then Venado, where half the journey is accomplished, and Moctezuma, which is quite a village.

The town or village of Mexico that has not its legend is unworthy of its name. Wherever the train stops, and during the little minutes it stays at the station, a bit of history or legend is hurriedly told, and if the starting bell interrupts the story, the conductor or the train-man will tell the rest. The legends are of history, sacred and profane, not confined to earth, reaching the heavens above and waters beneath it, and from the vast deep the spirits have been called. If you doubt it, evidences are shown in the bridge at Monterey, where the Virgin stood and held at bay the invading Americans in '47, or the

stone sails at Guadalupe that encase the sails and foremast that the sailors carried from Vera Cruz, and erected in front of the Virgin's holiest shrine, as they had vowed to do if she would save them from shipwreck; the rocks are shown from whence Juan Medina leaped, and the Mexican National cars run over the spot where he fell; and the famous Titian at Tzintzuntzan, near

PYRAMID AT THE TROPIC OF CANCER.

Patzcuaro, has its legend as well as authenticated history; and thus at this station or that, all along the line, some new and unheard-of story is told.

BOCAS, a little village just north of San Luis Potosi, is one of the prettiest in all Mexico, being the first really typical town of beauty reached on the southward trip. The train has been crossing an unbroken plain for a hundred and fifty miles without a curve, and the coming to the green trees of Bocas is in the nature of a first impression, that is reputed as the most lasting.

As the train is nearing Bocas, be ready for a look from the windows on the east side of the cars, and very near the track see a most magnificent hacienda, the first really fine and typical hacienda, with its castle-like residence, towered church and group of bells, arched bridge of stone, walled gardens with growing fruits and flowers, and court-yards with frowning parapets built in the old bandit days for protection to the peons and the herds at night. On the other side, in a grove of green trees, is a place 'tis said once belonged to Emperor Maximilian, while another legend says a rich landowner commenced to build, but ere the house was completed he died and it was turned into a chapel; it is the white tower of the chapel that is seen above the trees. Between the stream and the track is a *mescal* distillery, a native rum made from a species of the maguey—a novel feature of which is the primitive water wheel worked by the more primitive and patient ass. At Bocas, no matter which way you are going, lay in your supply of fruits (and mescal if you like it); they are good (the fruits are) and fresh from the trees.

TABLET OF THE PYRAMID OF THE TROPIC OF CANCER.

Now the plains are left behind and the climbing of the hills at the southern boundary commenced. There are many twists and turns before the table land is reached where the city is, which, outside of the capital, is second to none in the Republic—the city of SAN LUIS POTOSI, almost the only one where the railway station is near the city's centre, as it is here, on one of the main plazas, and within easy walk of the business portion from one of the finest railway stations in this or any other country. On all schedules there is time for a look around; but San Luis is one of the places to stop, as there are good hotels and much to see. The city is laid out at right angles, the streets are marvelously clean, and the houses, required by law to be kept newly painted, are examples of cleanliness that might be emulated

by nations said to have a better reputation than has been unjustly given to Mexico.

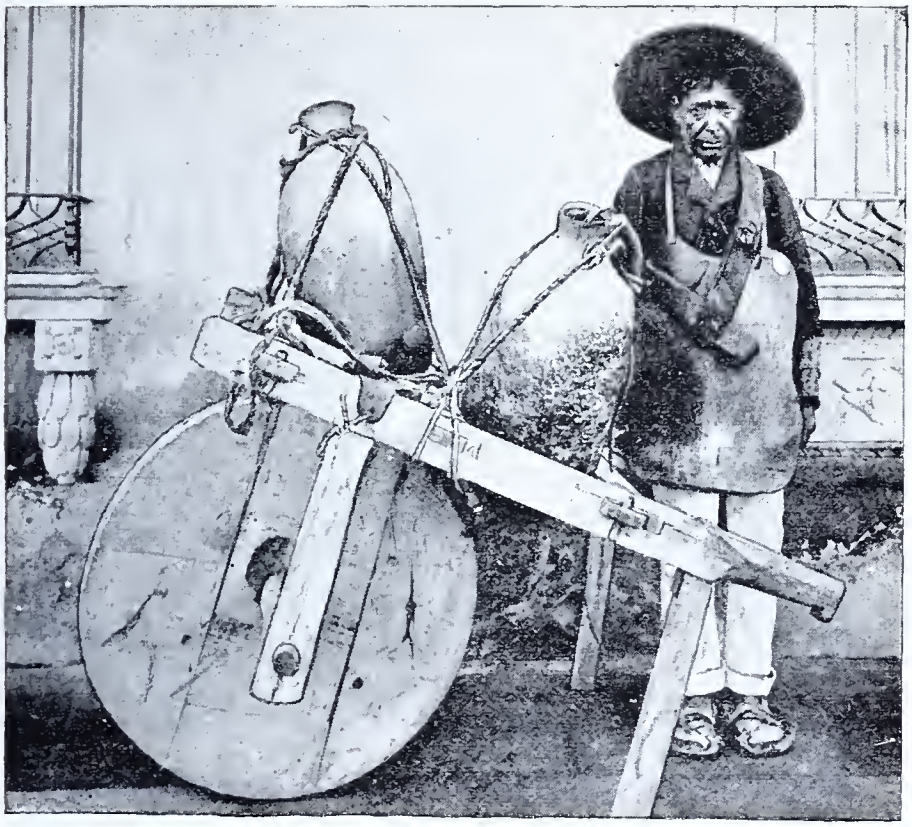
The markets are especially interesting, and the fountains with their picturesque crowds of water-carriers and their quaint, primitive wheelbarrows

OLD CHURCH AT BOCAS.

carrying from one to three earthen jugs that are strapped on these San Luis velocipedes which work with a shove motion in a manner more picturesque than easy. In the plaza is a fine statue of Hidalgo, placed in position on Independence day of '89. An interesting drive is through Paseo del Santuario de Guadalupe to the church of that name, the one with the two tall towers seen from the cars in approaching the city from the south. The cathedral has a fine clock which sounds the hours, and was the gift of a King of Spain in return for the largest single piece of silver ore ever taken from a mine—the mines of San Pedro, near San Luis. The people are a hospitable,

pleasure-loving set, and very kind and courteous to strangers within their gates.

There are several fine public buildings, notably the Governor's Palace, Palace of Justice, the Cathedral, the churches of Carmen, San Augustin and Merced. The streets are narrow, and, as usual, picturesque; the plaza is a revelation; the hotels are much superior to those of most Mexican cities, and



THE WATER WORKS OF SAN LUIS POTOSI.

altogether San Luis Potosi is worthy of its enviable reputation. Its business men are active and progressive. Mining interests have added very materially to its wealth, and, now that it is on direct line of rail communication with

the outside world, it will, without doubt, attain increased prominence. The railway station is located on the west side of the alameda, or park, so that, contrary to usual custom in this country, the traveler is enabled to take the train almost in the heart of the city. At San Luis Potosi is the crossing of the Mexican Central's Tampico line, reaching to Tampico on the east and Aguas Calientes on the west.

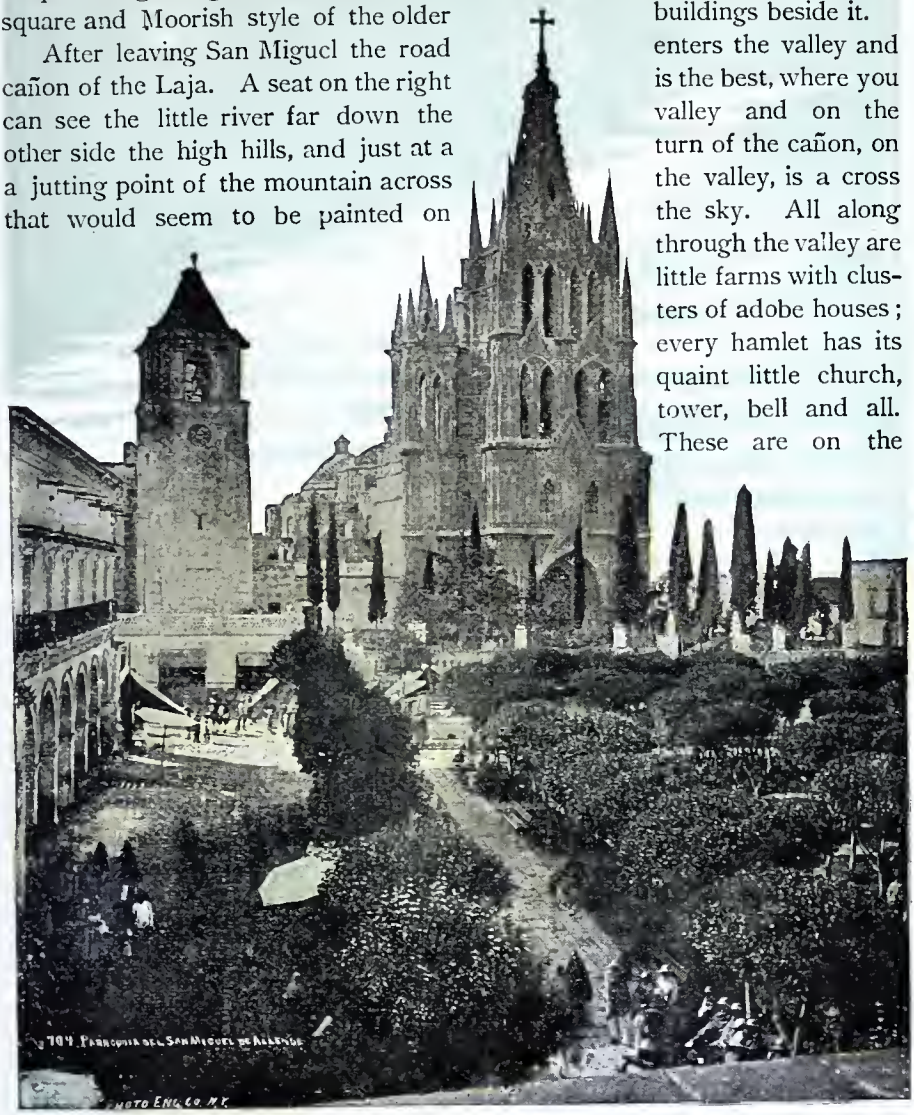
After leaving the table land we again enter the hills and valleys and cañons, where the scenery is wildly picturesque, and as valley after valley is passed, it is apparent that the soil is here extremely productive. The population becomes more dense and the vegetation increases in luxuriance. Villa Reyes is passed, with the immense hacienda of Jaral, which, during the revolution of 1810 furnished a full regiment of cavalry to assist the royalists against the armies of the patriots. This hacienda once controlled 20,000 peons. Before arriving at San Felipe we cross a deep *barranca* spanned by a viaduct noticeable for its height and the engineering skill displayed in its construction. San Felipe is a town of some 6,000 inhabitants, and is situated in the centre of a rich farming country.

Dolores Hidalgo was given its name in honor of the patriot Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico, who sounded the watchword of liberty which fired the Mexican heart and aroused the whole country to arms to resist the power of Spain. This is a quaint old town of several thousand inhabitants. It has a fine plaza and interesting churches, and the traveler is shown many relics of the Cura Hidalgo, which are here preserved in the old house which he occupied.

Turning more to the westward, skirting some high mountains, the road comes to the city of SAN MIGUEL DE ALLENDE, named for and the birthplace of the patriot Allende. The city is on the east side, about a mile and a half from the station, spread out on the sloping sides of a great hill—one of the most picturesque towns in all Mexico, famous for its baths, where the water gushes from the rocks on the hillside, is conveyed fresh to the baths at a most comfortable temperature; these ever-running springs, furnishing an abundance of water, run down in sparkling streams and miniature cascades through the most beautiful gardens of fruits and flowers. The plaza is a beautiful one, densely shaded by luxuriant trees, under which the natives, in brightly colored costumes, group themselves on market days, when the band plays in the evenings, making pretty pictures fit for a canvas. The hotels face the plaza, and they are good ones, the windows overlooking the

novel scene. On one side is the Casa de Loreto; the modern spires of the chapel being designed by an untutored native, contrast strangely with the square and Moorish style of the older buildings beside it.

After leaving San Miguel the road enters the valley and cañon of the Laja. A seat on the right is the best, where you can see the little river far down the valley and on the other side the high hills, and just at a turn of the cañon, on a jutting point of the mountain across the valley, is a cross that would seem to be painted on the sky. All along through the valley are little farms with clusters of adobe houses; every hamlet has its quaint little church, tower, bell and all. These are on the



PARISH CHURCH AT SAN MIGUEL DE ALLENDE—MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILROAD.

slope below the track, affording glimpses of Mexican farm-yard life. The houses are almost hidden by trees and vines, among which are many oranges, lemons and bananas, bright green spots in little fields laid out in squares hedged with what we call the century plant, the maguey, from whence the Mexican gets his *pulque*.

Leaving the cañon, the country assumes a more tropical aspect, more of what the tourist expects to see—and if there were time and a hotel at the place, would say to stop off at San Juan de las Vegas, a typical Mexican town, primitive in style, where no foreigner has his home, where there are groves of oranges and lemons and bananas, where fruit may be had for the picking, and where the native "lazies" the time away in indolent do-nothingness behind the rows of cactus that hedge the streets. This interesting place and the woolen mills of Soria passed, the route is through a fine agricultural country, to CELAYA, a city of great beauty in the midst of a fertile country. Here the tourist meets the vender of opals, strawberries (at all seasons) and *dulces*, a native confection, or rather the vender meets the traveler on all trains, night or day. A word of advice—select your opal, box of strawberries or dulces, but conclude no bargains till the engine bell rings and the conductor cries "Vamanos!" Then—have the exact change ready, and *probably* you will come out all right.

At Celaya are many fine old churches, especially Our Lady of Carmen, which contains some frescoes of note and several paintings well worth seeing. Celaya is built on a level plain in the valley of the Laja. It is celebrated for its dulces (sweetmeats), and there are several manufacturers of woolen and cotton fabrics. The baths of Celaya are among its attractions. A tramway extends from the railroad to the plaza in the centre of the town. Here the Mexican National is crossed by the line of the Mexican Central. The principal hotel is the Golis. Continuing down the valley of the Laja we arrive at SALVATIERRA, noticeable in the distance from the glittering of its many church domes, which, being covered by a glazed tiling, present a pleasing contrast to the dark green of the many shade trees with which the streets are lined. Salvatierra has a population of 10,000, and is something of a trad-

ing centre. There is a large woolen mill which gives it some manufacturing importance. There are several small hotels, the best of which is the Diligencias. The line continues from here south through an interesting and very fertile country, abounding in corn and sugar cane, passing many peculiar-looking Indian villages with their quaint peaked huts.

From the valley, the "Valley of the Laja," it is a quick ride through a rich country to the valley of the Lerma, reached at ACAMBARO, and that longest river in Mexico is crossed just before coming to the station.

Acambaro is the most self-satisfying town in Mexico. It is delightfully primitive, and the fact that it is an important railway junction point has not lost to it any of its antique quaintness. The town lies off to the westward of the station, and although scarcely half a mile away, is so completely hidden by the trees that only the church towers can be seen peering above them, and showing the white outline against the blue background of the high hills beyond the town. The lover of the quaint and antique will find much to charm in this old town, only its very quietness seems oppressive, and after a stop of a few hours the tourist is ready to join the entire population and go and see the train come in. Acambaro is the junction of the western division of the Mexican National Railroad, leading to Morelia and Patzcuaro, and the beautiful lake region of Mexico, which is described in another part of this book.

The main line of the National now takes a turn to the southeast, following the valley of the Lerma, sometimes running near its waters and then high above them on the high cliffs of a cañon. The best view can be had from the windows on the east side, though in crossing the hills there are so many turns that the same views may be seen from either side—one in particular, a fertile valley far down the hillside with its green fields laid off in squares so regularly that it seems a huge checkerboard. In the midst of it is a little village hidden by the trees, all but the very white tower of the church, which may be seen first from one side of the train and then from the other for more than an hour; then passing into a great cañon and through it on the right bank, in ten minutes comes to the very pretty town of MARAVATIO, with the usual complement of queer-looking old churches and attractive plazas. Its red-tiled

houses give it a picturesque appearance. From here on the country is fertile and remarkably attractive to the eye—the broad lying valleys covered

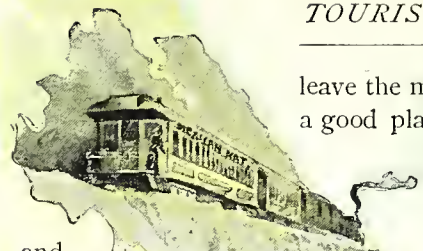
WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

with bright patches of brilliantly colored flowers, and the graceful lines of the mountains, all are in marked contrast to the wild and rugged landscape of the north. At Maravatio connection is made with the Michoacan & Pacific Railroad under construction to the west coast of Mexico. Skirting the valley of Solis we pass into the mountains under a beetling cliff, called by the natives "El Salto de Juan Medina,"

the tradition being that a famous bandit, one Juan Medina, being hotly pursued by the authorities, leaped his horse from the precipice and was dashed in pieces on the rocks below. A steep grade is here surmounted, and the train enters Zopilote Cañon, along the precipitous side of which a space just wide enough for the track has been blasted. Above hang great masses of granite, the mountain here rising sheer upward for hundreds of feet; below dashes a rushing stream, which just in advance foams and tumbles over the rocks, forming a waterfall of great beauty. Passing out of the cañon we enter the fertile country once more, and reach one of the richest, agricultural regions in all Mexico. The great haciendas, that are almost towns in themselves, are seen on both sides, and in the fields whole regiments of peons are plowing; the plows drawn by steers move more slowly, but with military precision as soldiers in skirmish line, as they are, too, on the skirmish for their daily bread.

WHOA !

Now a look forward from either side of the cars will soon show the snow-capped crater of the volcano of Toluca, and after passing Flor de Maria and several other less important stations, comes the city of TOLUCA, on the west side of the track, a very beautiful city on the foot-hills of the volcano. Toluca is the capital of the State of Mexico; it is one of the cleanest, most charming and most hospitable cities in the world. Horse-cars run from the station to the plaza, passing the principal hotels, of which there are several excellent ones in Toluca; in fact, no tourist has ever left the city but in a happy mood, thanks to the good living, splendid rooms and refreshing baths. The clean, well-paved streets, the quaint portales, the really fine markets, the pretty plaza, and the splendid public buildings are all features of attraction that

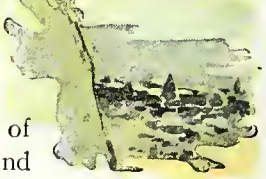


leave the most pleasant memories. Toluca is a good place to buy souvenirs in linen-drawn work, pottery, straw sombreros, palmetto baskets and scores of other mementos of this delightful country.

town and the station at Toluca the track runs

After leaving and how the high mountains just almost due east, be surmounted no traveler can over there are to comes to them he still wonders surmise, and when he A seat on the right is to be how it was ever done. platform. The King's High- chosen, or on the rear once was paved, parallels the way, a broad road that It is crowded with droves of track for some miles. and women, and pack-trains cattle, hundreds of men and burros all laden with of burros—the men, women going to or returning from the products of the country the city of Mexico, forty the markets of Toluca or even ing the hills the river miles away. Just before reach waters, and at a point Lerma is crossed near its head Lerma, now only a strag- where once was the great city of a stop is made and the gling village. A mile or two further on being required for the helper-engine is hooked on, two engines ones. Now all hands lightest train and three for the heavier scenery on the road or to the right for the grandest piece of near the road anywhere in Mexico. The little village rails is OCOYOCAC. whose streets are about on a level with the crawled around a In a few moments after the train has sand feet above closely bended horseshoe curve, it will be a thou may look down on the village, and on a cliff so precipitous that we the roofs of thatches and tiles and the church towers that seem as toys from a child's play-box.

Not all the attraction is at the base of the hill—the grand view includes the whole plain of Toluca, the city with its red-tiled roofs and beyond it the volcano, a magnificent panorama without a



ABOVE OCOYOCAC.

superior in its wonderful scope—not in Mexico, not on the continent, nor, I believe, in the world.

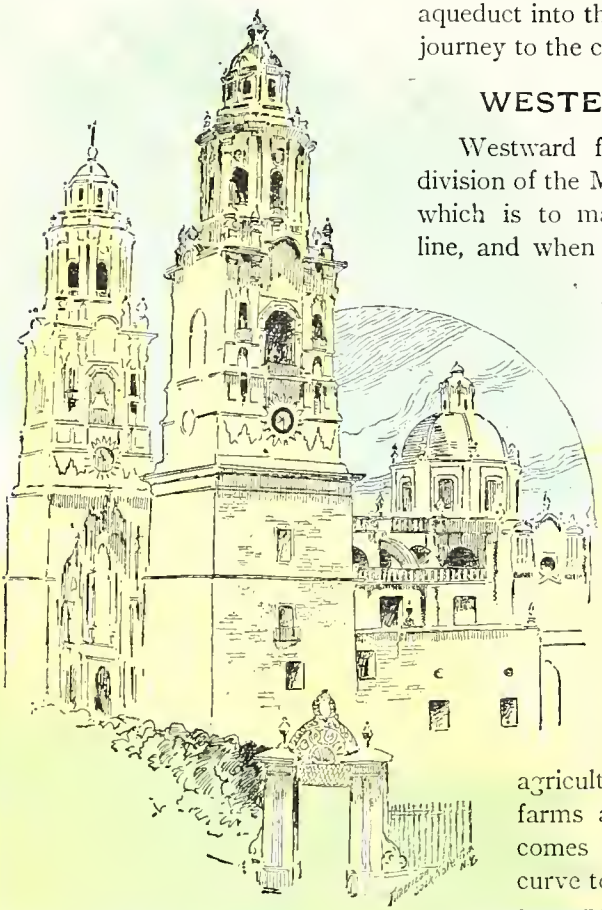
The two locomotives toil along slowly, so there is time to enjoy the scene always to be remembered, and yet almost impossible to describe. On the first shelf of the Sierra Madres—the "Mother Mountains" of Mexico—after leaving Toluca valley are the mill and fields of Jajalpa; then continuing the ascent, passing under the old and the new aqueducts of the mills, with here and there a parting glimpse of the valley again, the road comes to Salazar and then to La Cima, which is the summit and where the "helper" is unhooked, as 'tis easy going now.

Here the altitude is more than ten thousand feet above the sea, though you may have discovered this if altitudes affect you, if not in measured feet, in the short measure of your breathing, and the cool crisp atmosphere. You noticed the mountain stream that flows down the west slope and past Jajalpa, the source of the Lerma, whose waters flow on to the Pacific Ocean—these at the track side now, rushing in a hundred cascades down the cañon, go on forever to the valley of Mexico.

As the seat on the right has been selected for the ascent, it is a good one to keep on the down grade, and there is something to see in every inch of the way, so the wink of darkness made by a short tunnel is begrudged. The towering mountains on one side, the yawning chasm on the other, look wicked enough and command attention near by. But look—look beyond that cañon, and beyond the hills on the other side of it—there, still twenty miles away is a shining sheet of silvery waters, a broad spreading plain, hundreds of towers, and beyond them the everlasting hills, and beyond them lifting their hoary heads even to the clouds, and above them two peaks of snow, whiter than the snowiest clouds, and whiter still 'gainst the clear blue sky—is this picture or the other, grander? These are the lakes Texcoco and Xochimilco, the plain and city of Mexico and the volcanoes of Popocatépetl and Ixtaccihuatl.

Rolling the descent down, the train runs almost as slowly as it came up the other side—the two powerful brakes keeping it in perfect control. The village over on the hill was once a rendezvous of a bandit band, the church was of their building from the proceeds of their business. Rio Hondo is a wood and water station. Near it on the left of the track is a great meteoric stone as big as a car, called by the natives the "Moon stone," as they believe it fell from that planet. There are some strange hieroglyphics on the stone,

and it is believed to have a more ancient origin in its graving than the famous Calendar stone. Next is Dos Rios, and then the factories of Naucalpan, and then rolling down to the level plain, past Tacuba and under the old aqueduct into the Colonia station, and the journey to the city of Mexico is ended.



THE CATHEDRAL—CITY OF MORELIA.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Westward from Acambaro runs the division of the Mexican National Railroad which is to make it a Transcontinental line, and when completed will reach the Pacific Ocean at Manzanillo. In the mean time that completed portion which extends from the main north and south line at Acambaro to Morelia and Patzcuaro affords a most charming ride through a rich country of the more primitive Mexico and through the beautiful lake region.

The winding road passes over the hills and valleys and some stretches of agricultural lands with its fertile farms and great haciendas, and comes suddenly after a sharp curve to the shores of Lake Cuitseo, and turning to the left skirts the southern shore of the lake, where in the marshes are some old salt works; following along the western shore the train comes to the little station of QUERÉNDARO. The more adventurous tourist may leave the train here; not that there is any danger whatever, but there is no hotel, not even a *fonda*, and provender must be brought along or hunted and fished for. A canoe may be hired from the

Indians for a voyage across to the Island of the Burros, one of the many islands of the lake and the only one inhabited.

The people are a hardy, sturdy race, the men are hunters and fishers, the women have nothing to do but to eat, sleep and grow fat, which they have made a complete success of; there are some fine specimens of almost Amazonian proportions, the finest Indians in Mexico. The lake abounds in myriads of water-fowl of every description. The fish as taken by the Indians in large hoop nets attached to a long pole, are a small white fish like a minnow, no bigger than your finger. These when dried in the sun are ready for the table, I should say, if there was one on the island. Lake Cuitseo is about forty-five miles long by ten to twelve broad; the shores on the north and east rise to high peaks, as do most of the islands; the southern shore is low and marshy; altogether a beautiful sheet of water.

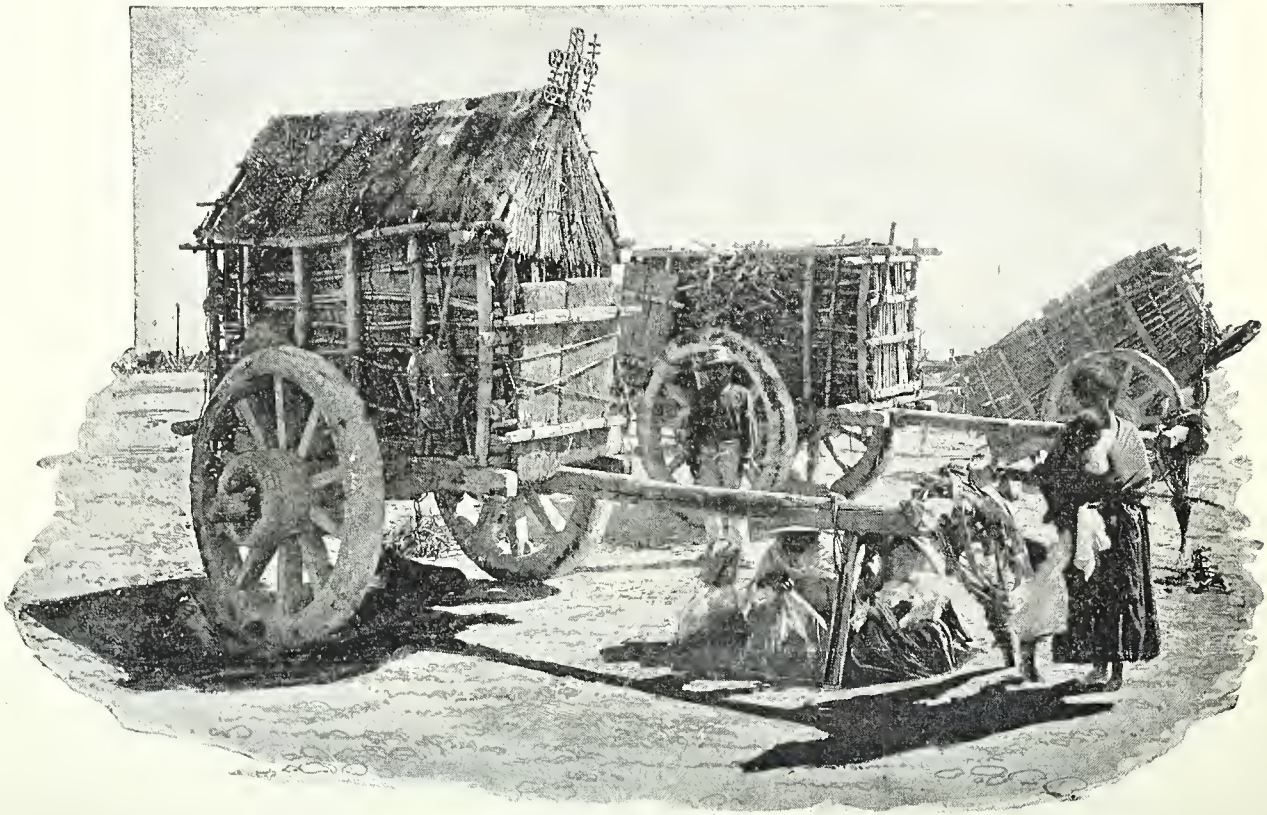
Near the landing place of Queréndaro there are some hot springs, where the water is hot enough in the streams that flow from them to boil an egg. In scores of places columns of steam are rising from the fissures in the ground, and to walk over or near them is to feel the ground sink under you.

In a thicket near the track is a most primitive bath. A pit dug in the ground near one of the spring streams is filled with water by damming the little brook, and when full is turned back to its own channel again. It must be a spring of wonderful curing waters. On the trees and bushes, in the ground, everywhere near, there are hundreds and hundreds of crosses, the thank-offerings of those who have bathed and been cured.

Leaving the lake, the route is still to the westward, and abounding in those beauties of landscape that characterize the road throughout its length.

The high double-peaked mountain to be seen ahead, first on one side and then the other, is the Cerro de Quinceo, just on the outskirts of MORELIA. A look from the windows on the left shows the towers of the cathedral over the top of a barren hill; on the other is the river, the train running close to its banks, where hundreds of natives are indulging in open-air laundering and bathing.

Morelia is one of the prettiest cities in all Mexico, and its women enjoy the same flattering reputation. Horse-cars run from the station to the plaza and to the principal hotels, than which there are no better anywhere in the Republic, and they are entirely satisfactory as to rooms, baths and board. The beautiful plaza, the magnificent cathedral, the Paseo de San Pedro, the Causeway of Guadalupe, the Aqueduct, are objects of attraction;



PRIMITIVE SLEEPING CARS.

but the hospitality of the people, the beauty of the women, the music and the flowers, all combine to lengthen the stay to the extreme limit of a stop-over ticket.

If there was nothing else at the end of it, it is worth all the journey to Morelia to see the Cathedral and the great towers thereof, that may be seen from afar off, overtopping the high hills, giving the first glimpse of the city as the train comes up the valley from the east. There is not a finer edifice

LA VIGA GATE.

anywhere in Mexico, outside of the capital, than the Cathedral of the See of Michoacan, and the Cathedral of Mexico is not superior except in size. The towers, the great organ, the silver altar rails, vestments and vessels, images and candelabra of fine silver, have not an equal anywhere, though these are only a remnant of what used to be, nearly half a million dollars worth being confiscated by the Government some twenty years ago, though one can hardly miss what has been taken away, or tell where they put it when it was here. The silver font from which Iturbide and Morelos were baptized, is still in use.

The Cathedral is beautifully situated, with the main front facing the Plaza de los Mártires, with the eastern look over the Plaza de la Paz.

In the Plaza de los Mártires, which means the plaza of the martyrs, are the most beautiful trees and flowers, and in the midst of them a beautiful pavilion where the band plays in the evening, that famous, magnificent band that was at the New Orleans Exposition, the favorite band of Mexico. And to this plaza comes also the "400" of Morelia to rub elbows with the ragtag and bobtail, when the band begins to play.

In the afternoons there is music in the beautiful Parque de San Pedro, and the walk thence, not a long one, is through the Calzado de Guadalupe, a paved way, shaded by immense elms, the walkway being in the centre and the drives on either side in front of the residences. The trip can be made on the horse-cars, but there is everything to recommend the most delightful walk, and nothing in favor of the cars.

After leaving Morelia the road passes near the Cuincho Falls and hot springs on the south side of the track, and after a short run skirts a high bluff and comes to the highest navigable waters on the globe—comes to beautiful Lake Patzcuaro. PATZCUARO is well entitled to its name, which, being interpreted, means to Indian ears a "place of delights," and it means this to anybody who goes there.

The station is on the lake shore; a diligence runs to the town, two miles up the hill, and the drive is a most charming one, as the beautiful view grows wider and wider as the hill is ascended, and when at the top, the lake with its islands, the valley with its fields of green and its four dozen towns and villages are included in the scope of vision. The quaint plaza shaded by great trees, surrounded on four sides with heavy columned portales, the market place, the narrow, crooked streets with shrines and crosses in every nook and corner, and the grand view from Los Balcones, at the crest of the Cerro de Calvario, are all most prolific subjects for the tourist's note-book, and in every one will be written that Patzcuaro is indeed a "place of delights."

There is a little steamer on the lake, the "Mariano Jiminez," which runs from the dock to the northern shores of the lake, making several landings at way-back towns where there are no railways, and, perhaps, never will be. The object of the voyage on the lake, and in fact of the trip to Patzcuaro, is the famous painting in the old church at the village of Tzintzuntzan, on the east shore of the lake—The Entombment, by Titian, presented to the Bishop of Michoacan by Philip II. of Spain. Many noted writers and artists have made the pilgrimage and returned with the feeling that the trip was amply paid for in the seeing of so celebrated a picture, for which the natives have

been offered the most fabulous sums by different persons, but they have uniformly refused. Tzintzuntzan was once the capital of a powerful tribe of

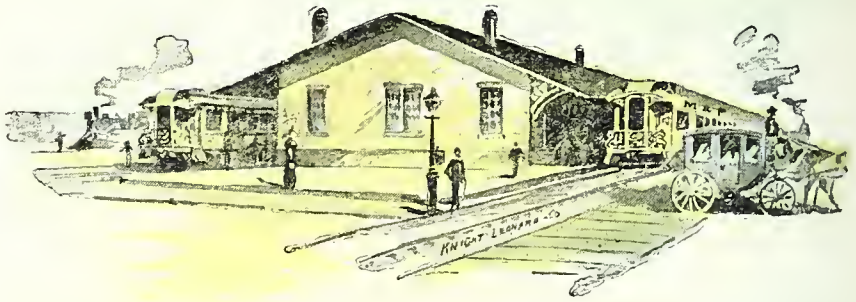
IN THE VALLEY OF LAJA—MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILROAD.

Indians, but now only a little hamlet with a grand old church and a great picture.

The steamer runs irregularly, but need not be depended upon for the trip to Tzintzuntzan. It may be made by canoe, the wide-bottom boats of the Tarascans, or on horseback or burros in three or four hours.

Patzcuaro and the beautiful lake have all the attributes of a fine health and pleasure resort. In the very near future the American will begin to find out why the Indians call it a place of delights.

It requires no special arrangements of schedule to take the ride over the western division. There is a fine station at Acámbaro, with restaurant and



THE TRANSFER AT LAREDO.

rooms, which will be reserved for tourists on telegram to the agent of the Mexican National Railroad, of whom excursion tickets to Morelia and Patzcuaro may be obtained.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The city of Mexico is not all of Mexico, neither is the all of Mexico completed until the city has been seen ; and since Cortez came over the eastern hills that are beyond Texcoco's waters, every tourist or traveler on business bent makes a bee line for the city, nor stops until within its walls. All other places may be visited later, but the capital must have the first call.

The fame of this fair city, for it *is* a fair city, has gone abroad through all the world, and nearly half a thousand years ago the story of its splendor, the glory of its temples, the civilization of its people and their wealth, the pomp and circumstance of its rulers, the beauty of situation and salubrity of climate went across the seas and reached the royal ears of Europe's kings ; and since those old, old days, centuries agone, the famous story went out continually to bring hither in every passing decade, year, month, week and day, pilgrims

from every land, for conquest, hope of gain or scientific research, down to these days of pleasure touring and business travel.

Nor is the story scarcely less famous now. True, it is not expected that tawny princes bedecked with dazzling jewels, on palanquins borne, with attending hosts of vassals and plumed and feathered warriors, will meet the arriving guest in these modern days; but the same grand old city's there, with its temples not less imposing, its people not less curious, its glorious climate of perpetual spring-time, just the same now as then, and beauty of spreading plain and lake, circled by high hills deeply, darkly blued by a wondrous atmosphere marvelously clear, high hills with camel backs outlined against the sky, a silent, never-ending caravan led on by two hoary leaders with heads uplifted high above the others and whited by eternal snows. These are there forever, and withal, there, treasured in the city's halls, the evidences in hieroglyphics, graven image, altar and sacrificial stone and wrinkled parchment, faithfully tells of nations passed away and a history that must forever go unwritten.

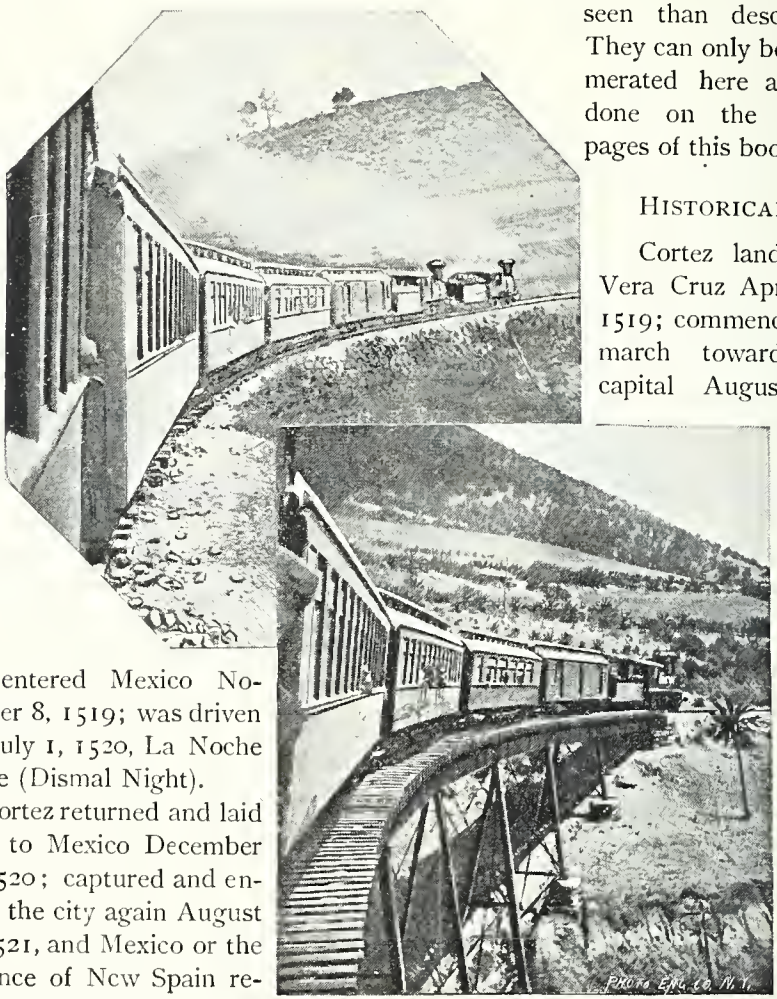
As this story brought Cortez across the seas and other thousands since his time, so the telling of it, and the relics of it, are bringing armies of sight-seers, health and pleasure seekers to the same grand old city of to-day—and those who get there the quickest, with most comfort and scenic attraction, are the passengers of the Mexican National Railroad. (This paragraph is a sudden drop from the soaring flights of fancy, but the cold facts so assert themselves that the pencil takes the tangent businessward irresistibly.)

Since, then, we are down to the present age, where practical information is the thing, let us have it. It has been told how this short line gets to the capital of the Mexican Republic; the story has a fitting ending—at Colonia station, near the Paseo de la Reforma, in a most attractive portion of the city, where all trains arrive and depart—a convenient location with connecting horse-car lines to all parts of the city, and paved streets leading to hotels and points of interest.

The city of Mexico, with a geographical location within the tropics, and although on a level plain with outlying lakes, is by its altitude of over 7,000 feet above the sea, possessed of a climate so delightfully salubrious, so even in temperature, that summer or winter a residence here is always pleasant, and visits to the city may be made at any time from January to January.

If it is written that the climate is the chief attraction, when you have seen them, you may say that the beauties of the plain and the surrounding hills

and the volcanic views are a fair rival; to this may be added the manners and customs of a courteous people, the parks and streets, the old churches and their decorations, pictures, bells and towers, which are more satisfactorily seen than described. They can only be enumerated here as 'tis done on the other pages of this book.



UP HILL AND DOWN IN THE MADRES.

HISTORICAL.

Cortez landed at Vera Cruz April 21, 1519; commenced his march toward the capital August 16, and entered Mexico November 8, 1519; was driven out July 1, 1520, La Noche Triste (Dismal Night).

Cortez returned and laid siege to Mexico December 31, 1520; captured and entered the city again August 13, 1521, and Mexico or the province of New Spain remained under Spanish rule three hundred years. During this time there were five governors, two audencias and sixty-two viceroys.

First insurrection against Spanish rule was started September 16, 1810, by Hidalgo, who was defeated, captured and executed July 31, 1811.

After another period of disturbance, Iturbide entered the city of Mexico with his army, and the power of Spain was ended in Mexico September 27, 1821.

Iturbide elected emperor May 19, 1822; forced to resign March 4, 1823, and a decree of banishment was passed against him. After an absence of a year in Europe, he returned to Mexico July 14, 1824; was captured and executed July 19, 1824.

From the time of banishment of Iturbide to the arrival of Maximilian Mexico had a republican form of government.

The troops of Napoleon III. occupied the city of Mexico June 9, 1863; Maximilian arrived at city of Mexico June 12, 1864, and was executed June 19, 1867.

Benito Juarez returned to the city of Mexico July 15, 1867, and the republican form of government was again established. And under the liberal and progressive policy of President Diaz, Mexico is being rapidly developed, and taking a front rank among the nations of the world.

Excursion Tickets.

The Mexican National Railroad, at their ticket and telegraph office, Coliseo street, under San Carlos Hotel, city of Mexico, will sell excursion tickets to holders of American tourist tickets at following rates of fare in Mexican silver:

Toluca and return	$3 00
Morelia and return	12 00
Patzcuaro and return	14 00
San Miguel de Allende and return	12 00

Tickets good for fifteen days.

Stop-over checks for any of the above-named points issued by conductors.

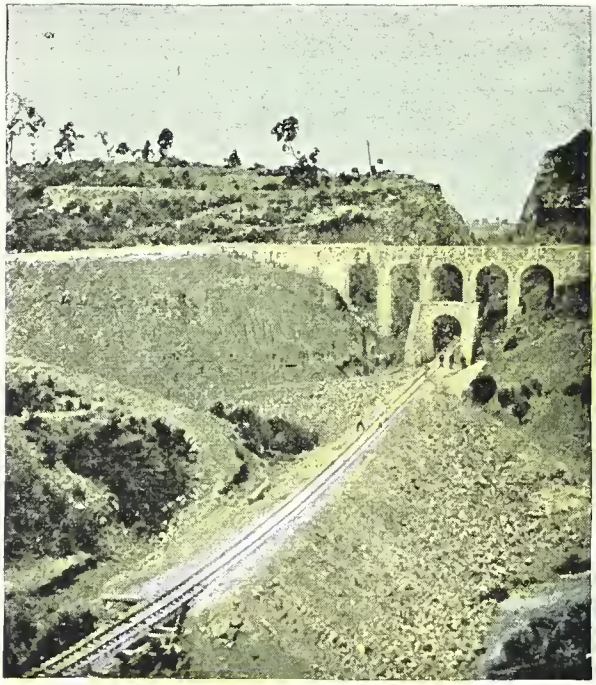
Passengers holding through tickets issued in the United States may stop off at Acambaro, where a good restaurant and accommodations may be found, and make the tour of the Western division running through the lake region of Mexico to two of the most interesting cities in the Republic—Morelia and Patzcuaro. Rooms will be reserved in the station hotel at Acambaro if advised of arrival.

Round-trip tickets from Acambaro to Morelia, $4.00; Patzcuaro, via Morelia, $5.00.

NOTE.—Round-trip tourist tickets to Mexican points cannot be changed to other returning routes after arrival in Mexico; routes must be decided when tickets are purchased at starting point.

ALTITUDES OF MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Popocatépetl, 17,782 feet; Orizaba, 17,356 feet; Ixtaccihuatl, 16,060 feet; Nevado de Toluca, 15,000 feet.



AQUEDUCT OF JAJALPA.

These are all extinct volcanoes with others of their kind throughout the country, not having been in action for centuries, though the sulphur deposits give ample evidence of the hot times in the long ago, when their internal affairs must have interfered with the eternal snows on the external surfaces, also indicating a closer proximity to the infernal than was altogether pleasant.

OTHER TOWNS AND TOURS.

I believe it was left to the progressive American to "do Rome in a day;" but in this country of magnificent distances such celerity is not possible, nor can the number of days required to do the city of Mexico be quoted here; but when this greatest of Mexican cities has been gone over, from Chapultepec to Guadalupe, and from Texcoco to Los Remedios, the sightseer tireth not, but looketh about for new fields and other sights to see.

THE DAY EXCURSIONS from the capital may be made by rail or horse-cars, and not one of these mentioned here but is sufficient in attraction to repay the trip.

TACUBAYA is the place of summer residence of many prominent people of the city, a lovely suburban village, with many beautiful gardens surrounding some of the finest residences in all Mexico. Tacubaya has been called the Mexican Monte Carlo, as in a small way it is. Horse-cars run from the Plaza Mayor in front of the cathedral, and there is a steam road starting from near the Paseo.

GUADALUPE is a famous name in Mexico, and the shrine of that name, about six miles north of the city, is called the holiest in Mexico. The beautiful legends have been written and read in almost every language, and need no repetition here. The churches and the chapels, the famous spring, the ship's foremast and sails incased in stone, the mysterious preservation of the tilma of Juan Diego, with the unfading picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe, are of interest. Horse-cars from the Plaza Mayor every half hour.

CHAPULTEPEC, the Mexican White House, Presidential summer residence and seat of the National Military Academy, is best reached by carriage through the Paseo de la Reforma, though the Tacubaya and San Angel horse-cars, from the Plaza Mayor, pass the gates at the foot of the hill, from whence it is a rather difficult climb to reach the castle.

TEXCOCO is beyond the lake of that name, and is the station for the beautiful gardens of the Molino de Flores, the country seat of the ancient family Cervantes. Trains of the Inter-Oceanic Railroad stop at Texcoco, and schedules usually permit the trip to be made going in the morning and return in the evening. Carriages are required between Texcoco and Molino de Flores, as the distance is two leagues.

AMECAMECA is a pretty little city, immediately at the foot of the volcanoes of Popocatépetl and Ixtaccihuatl, and is the point of starting for the ascent. The Sacro Monte is an attraction of Amecameca. The railway station is just at the foot of the hill. The legends of the sacred mountain are incentive enough to make its ascent. Trains of the Inter-Oceanic Railroad run conveniently to make the excursion in daylight.

PACHUCA is more of a windy city than Chicago, though not so large. It is a great mining town, located in the mountains nearly a thousand feet higher than the city of Mexico. The city lies in a barranca between two high peaks, so that the breezes blowing down the cañon pass over the city

continuously. The mines and the picturesque location are the attractions. Trains of the Mexican Railroad and Hidalgo Railroad leave the city in the morning and return in the evening.

TOLUCA, and ride over the mountains thereto, the magnificence of the scenery of the plain and city of Mexico and the Toluca Valley, are described

RUINS OF A TOLTEC TEMPLE.

elsewhere in this book. Trains of the Mexican National are scheduled so the trip may be made in a day, though it is advised to take an afternoon train and return by a morning train. This gives a proper sunlight on the scenery on both slopes of the Sierras that is not surpassed anywhere in the world.

LA VIGA CANAL and the floating gardens. Who has not heard of the floating gardens (*chinampas*) on La Viga Canal, near the city of Mexico, reached by horse-cars from the Plaza Mayor, near the cathedral, to Embarcadero, and thence by canoe for a few hours or for a day? The boats are a sort of Mexican edition of a Venetian gondola, broad and flat-bottomed, with

seats underneath a canopy in bright colors; the boats are propelled by a pole in the hands of a dusky gondolier. The excursion is altogether a novel one, particularly on Sundays and feast days, and should not be overlooked. Unless you are thoroughly Mexican it is best to make a picnic of it and take your provender along; but there will come alongside a longer and narrower canoe hewn from the trunk of a single tree. In one end of this quaint craft stands a swarthy Mexican with a single oar long of handle—in the other a comely woman and often a pretty girl, who will offer for a *tlaco* or a *cuartilla* the native sandwich, a *tortilla con carne* or a *tortilla con dulce*. I offer no advice as to this purchase, but the tortillas of La Viga as I found them were clean and toothsome.

SANTA ANITA, on the canal, is a sort of native Coney Island, and is a great resort, but the charm is in the ride thither, passing under the low-arched bridges, the market boats laden with fruits and flowers, which must stop at the La Viga gate and pay a duty to the city levied on all imports from the country. There are great, long, flat-bottomed passenger packets also propelled by poles going to and from the towns across on the other shores of Texcoco, Xochimilco and Chalco, crowded with men, women and children and dogs starting or returning from a voyage of a day and a night. Any day will do for the La Viga voyage; but Sunday, or better still, on a feast day, there will be flowers afloat and ashore, and music, music everywhere, of all sorts, from the tinkle of a guitar to blare of a brass band; gayly dressed men and more gayly dressed women, singing and dancing on the boats or under the trees of the Paseo de La Viga which runs along the canal.

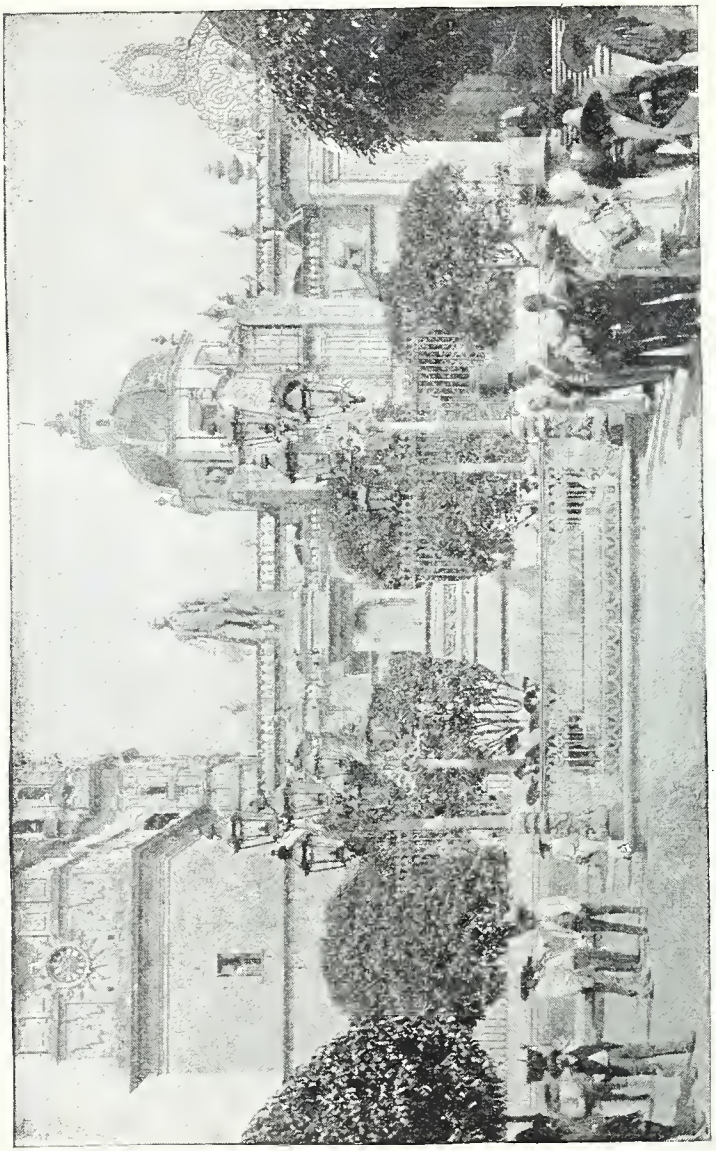
The floating gardens, it is said, really were entitled to the name, but now are only bits of land with little canals instead of walks through the beds and plots.

On the banks of La Viga once lived El Señor Don Juan Corona, of most happy memory, revered for deeds of daring and loved for his charity. He was not a soldier or a Sunday-school superintendent; in life Don Juan was a bull-fighter, and much renowned in his day.

Ask your gondolier to stop at the hacienda of Don Juan Corona. Enter beneath a hospitable roof and find a house intensely Mexican, shaded by trees and almost hidden by climbing vines and flowers. Every room is a museum in itself, filled with relics of every age and time of Mexico's history, curious objects collected from all over the country, in dozens and scores.

The collection of bric-a-brac was Don Juan's hobby; but another and

more philanthropic pleasure of his was the care of children of the poor of La Viga, and from his savings he established a school for them, where they were not only taught but clothed and fed. He was known as the "father of the destitute."



CATHEDRAL AT MORELIA.

The school still exists and will be shown in one of the rooms of the hacienda. As you enter, the bright little beneficiaries of Corona's bounty rise in salutation.

The school has not the ample means it had in the life of its founder, and any offering made will not only be acceptable, but is a tribute to the memory of a good man.

TULA is one of the oldest Toltec foundations in the country, where there

are some grand old ruins of that ancient race. The *casas grandes*, as the ruins are called, are intensely interesting to the tourists as well as the student. In the plaza at Tula some curious relics of a prehistoric age may be seen. Take a morning train on the Mexican Central Railroad and return in the evening.

TAJO DE NOCHISTONGO, the great canal that was intended to drain the Mexico Valley, and which cost so many men and so much money, and yet failed of its purpose, may be seen on the trip to Tula. The Mexican Central track runs along the top of the east bank of the canal.

THE INTER-OCEANIC RAILWAY is the recently completed line between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz, running around Lake Texcoco on its southern shore and skirting the foot-hills of the great volcanoes, keeps their white caps in view during nearly the entire journey. The road runs through a richly cultivated country, though there is plenty of mountain scenery and cañons wild and picturesque ; and the cities and towns are quaint and novel as they are in Mexico. Puebla, one of the prettiest, most interesting and healthy cities, and Jalapa, famed for its quaint location and general beauty, are both on the main line to Vera Cruz. The Morelos division of the Inter-Oceanic runs south from the city of Mexico to Amecameca, Otumba, Cuautla and Yautepec, and under construction to Acapulco. The tour of this line is very interesting, passing as it does from the high table-lands to the *tierra caliente* down where the sugar cane and coffee grows. The scenery of the descent is very grand, the volcanoes are in view all day long, and the view from Nepantla, stretching leagues and leagues away, is beyond description, and is constantly changing as the train rolls from there down to Cuautla.

THE MEXICAN RAILROAD is the oldest railroad in Mexico. This line is from the city of Mexico to Vera Cruz, passing from one table-land to another, through the famous pulque regions of the plain of Apam to Esperanza, where there is a sheer descent of more than two thousand feet in thirteen miles. The ride down the mountain from Boca del Monte to Maltrata, through the Barranca del Infernillo (the Ravine of the Little Hell), is the chief attraction of the trip, though the scenery thence down to Córdoba is very beautiful. Orizaba and Córdoba are very pretty cities, and well worthy of a stop-over. There are branch lines to Puebla and Jalapa, the former from Apizaco and the latter from Tejeria. On this road and others in this region it is very dusty at all times, and dusters should be provided before making the journey.

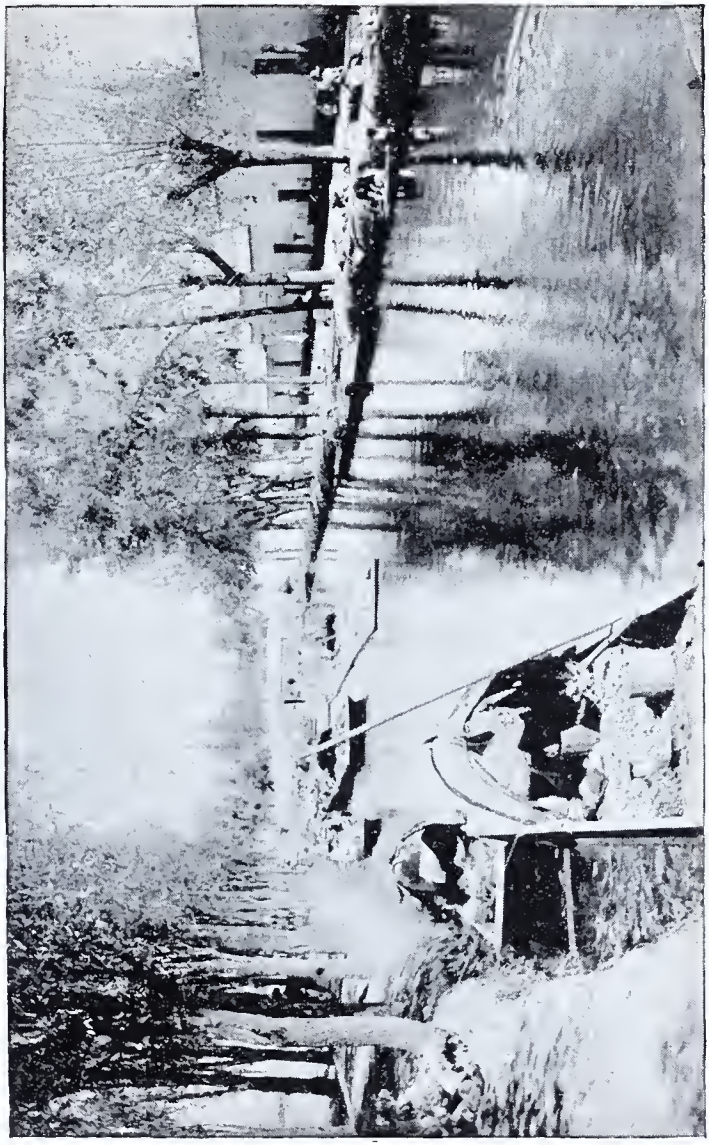
THE MEXICAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY is in operation from Puebla to Tehuacan and Oaxaca, and under construction to Tehuantepec. Track-laying is being rapidly extended, and the country opening up to tourist travel seems to surpass all anticipations in the way of scenic attraction. The passenger equipment of the road is of English manufacture, and surpasses anything ever sent out from that country. It is simply superb in appointment and decoration. A ride over the Southern from Puebla to the track end is one of the tourist things to do.

THE MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILROAD runs a day train north from the city of Mexico as far as Leon, passing in daylight some of the most interesting cities and splendid scenery on that line. Leaving the fine station of Buena Vista, the route is across the plain to the northward; the gradual climb enlarges the view, till, at Huehuetoca, the grand panorama of the plain of Mexico, with its cities and lakes and the surrounding mountains, spreads out in one magnificent picture. This is hardly shut out by an intervening hill, higher than the rest, till there is something else of equal interest—the great Tajo de Nochistongo, the drainage canal mentioned on another page—then the city of Tula, with its ruined city of the Toltecs.

There is a down grade now to the Cazadero plain, and thence to Querétaro, a very interesting city, noted in Mexico's modern history as the place of execution of Maximilian and his generals, Miramon and Mejia; noted among tourists as a place of opals. If there be anything in the reputation of that jewel, surely there can be no good fortune in store for Querétaro. But the prosperity of the place tells a different story, which a look from the window as the train approaches the city will prove. The great stone aqueduct that brings water from the mountains to the city and the great Hercules cotton mills, is one of the great works of the country. The train passes under one of the highest arches and through the village of the mills, where there are trees and gardens of the tropical fruit and verdure. Just west of the city, in a stony field on the hillside, to be seen from the cars, is the spot where the last Mexican emperor was executed.

It is through a fine agricultural country that the line runs now, down into the valley of the Laja, and crosses the Mexican National Railroad at Celaya; the beautiful towers of the Franciscan group of churches and of Our Lady of Carmen can be seen from the west windows for some miles up and down the line. Celaya is noted for its *dulces*, a kind of native confection that is very palatable. The *dulce* dealer meets all trains.

Irapuato is celebrated for its all-the year-round strawberries; these are also at the train, whether it is on time or not, as the opals are at Querétaro and the *dulces* at Celaya. I have heard some one carp at the civilization of the peon of Mexico, but he knows which strawberries to put on the top of the basket. Irapuato is the junction point of the Guadalajara division with the main line. The road is a fine one through a rich country, picturesque to a degree, passing many fine haciendas and the cities of Penjamo, La Piedad and La Barca, running along the river Lerma and near to



FLOATING GARDENS, LA VIGA CANAL, CITY OF MEXICO.

beautiful Lake Chapala, comes to Guadalajara, a truly beautiful city, with its fourteen portales, twenty plazas, fourteen bridges, five theatres, twenty-five baths, twenty-three restaurants and twenty-eight hotels—a city that was a city two hundred years before it had a railroad. There are numberless attractions that there is not space here to mention, with interesting excursions to Lake Chapala, the Falls of Juanacatlan, Mexico's Niagara, and a cañon 2,000 feet deep, all to make the visit to Guadalajara a lengthy and a pleasant one.

Northward from Irapuato, on the main line, Silao is the next station of importance, a pretty little town and the junction of the branch line to the great mining city of Guanajuato, ten miles east—a city set among the mountains, a fortified place on the heights, the foundations of whose buildings cost more to dig out than the houses that rest on them. The train stops at Marfil; thence the ride to Guanajuato is four miles up the barranca by horse-cars through the quaintest, crookedest road that ever was, and stops at the prettiest little plaza, that seems only a shelf in the side of the mountain, and on either side the hanging gardens droop their flowers to the waters of a rushing stream below. There is but one Guanajuato in Mexico, and no other city like it.

The route of the Central's day train ends at Leon, a great manufacturing city, whose nearly every house is a factory, principally of leathern goods. The city is a pretty one, the streets laid out at right angles, with parks and plazas here and there, a pretty alameda and a causeway leading to a place of suburban resort, which is also the Paseo of Leon.

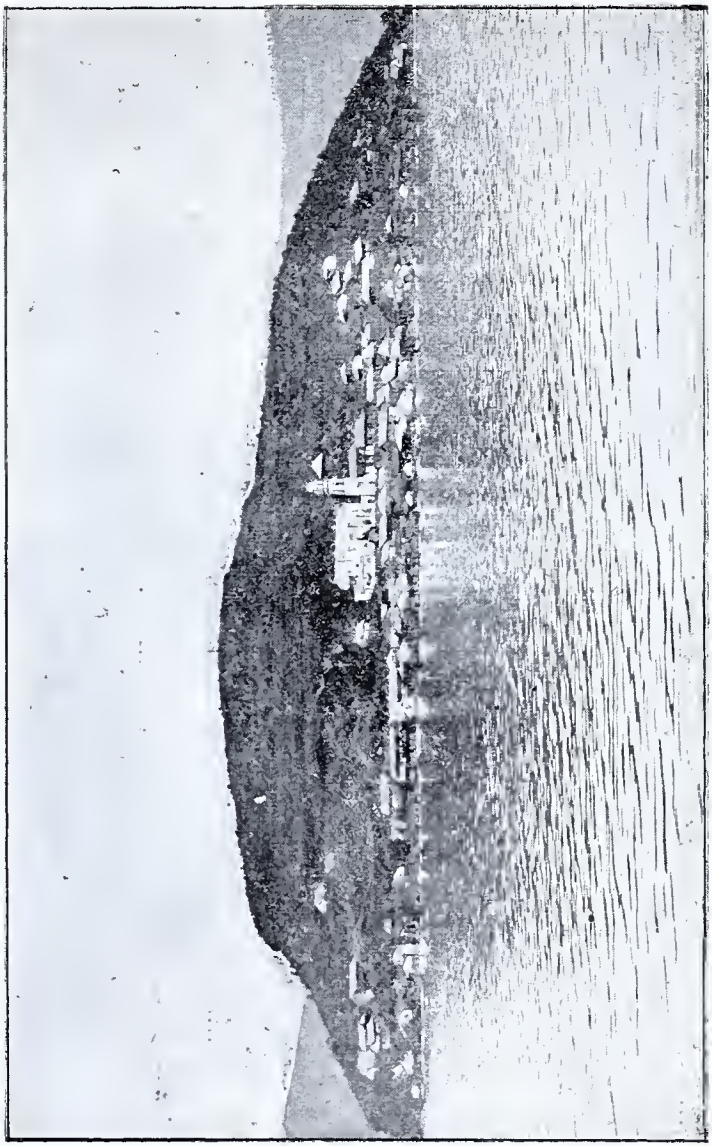
THE MONTEREY & MEXICAN GULF RAILWAY runs southward from Monterey to TAMPICO, a city now attracting special attention owing to the important position it has taken as a seaport. It is situated on the eastern coast of Mexico, at the mouth of the Panuco River, surrounded by forests and gardens of tropical plants and fruits. The Monterey & Mexican Gulf Railway has on sale side-trip tickets at special low rates. Apply to their agent at Monterey for full information. VICTORIA is another city located on the line of the Monterey & Mexican Gulf Railway which is well worth a visit. It is noted for its handsome promenade, lined on either side with stately trees, casting their shadows over the entire promenade and driveway.

EXCHANGE OF MONEY.

Passengers having American money can have same exchanged for Mexican currency, to the amount of fifty dollars, at the Mexican National R. R. Ticket

Office in New Laredo, where the highest market price will be paid for "greenbacks" or gold, American silver not commanding a premium. July 1, 1890, a law went into effect establishing the dollars and cents system, but it is well to understand the old way of counting money.

On arrival at Laredo, or just before the train reaches that city, an agent of the Mexican National R. R. comes on board the train. He wears a uniform and has a cap which bears the legend "Passengers' Assistant." This gentleman will assist passengers in every way as



AN ISLAND OF LAKE PATZCUARO.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS IN MEXICO.

Name of Hotel or Boarding House.	Location.	Proprietor or Manager.	Rate per Day.	Rate per Week.	Capacity.
City of Mexico.					
American Hotel	1st San Francisco, cor. Gante		$1 00 to $3 00	$7 00 to $21 00	75
Iturbide	San Francisco		1 00 to 5 00		200
San Carlos	Coliseo		1 00 to 3 00		57
Jardin	1a Independencia y Letran		3 00 to 8 00		50
Humboldt	Calle de Jesus				..
Bazar	Espiritu Santo	Felipe Iturbide	1 00 to 3 00		63
Gran Sociedad	Espiritu Santo	A. Franck	1 00 to 4 00		64
Gillow	1st Cinco de Mayo				..
Universal	Espiritu Santo	Enrique Mendez	50 to 2 50		56
Continental	5 de Mayo	Pedro Escudero	1 00 to 2 50		50
Central	Escaleri las	Jose M. Revueltas	50 to 1 50		60
Guardiola	1st San Francisco	Jesus Para	1 00 to 2 00		51
Gillow	San Jose el Real	Tiso Sainz	1 00 to 3 00		30
Comonfort	5 de Mayo	Sra. A. Carmona	1 00 to 2 00		46
Nacional	3 de San Francisco	Jose del Puerto	1 00 to 1 50		40
Refugio	Refugio	Romualdo Segovia	1 00 to 3 00		60
Gran Oriente	Montevillo No. 10	Thomas Ananjuelo	1 00 to 1 75		40
San Augustin	San Augustin	F. Sotino	1 00 to 2 00		50
Bella Union	La Palma	Terfilo Hilion	50 to 2 50		60
Vergara	Vergara	Cornelio Cavillo	50 to 1 50		50
Europa	Coliseo Viejo	Macario B. y Cisneros	50 to 2 00		38
Restaurants.					
Iturbide	Iturbide Hotel				..
Teatro Nacional	14 Vergara				.
Recamier	3a San Francisco				..
Concordia	2a Plateros				..
Café de Paris	Coliseo Viejo				..
Gillow	1a Cinco de Mayo				..
Rich's Chop House	Bettemitas, near Iturb. de Hotel	W. Y. Rich			..
Acambaro.					
Gran Hotel Internacional	Cor. Ferrocarril and Palma sts.	J. M. Busso	Rooms 50 to 75; Meals 50c.		50
Mexican Nat. R.R. Hotel	In the station	Mrs. C. M. Bennett	Rooms 50c.; Meals 75c.		20
Garza Boarding House	Ferrocarvil street	John Fouloy	Rooms 37c.; Meals 37c.		10
Celaya.					
Hotel Solis	Nueva Frente 69	José A. Solis	1 50	10 00	35
Hotel Cortazar	Calle de la Cruz 8	F. D. Barriga	1 50	10 00	30
Hotel Guadalupe	Portal de Guadalupe 9	R. R. Chagolla	50 to 75		26

CITY OF MORELIA.					
Hotel Oseguera	Near Plaza	J. M. Zavara	50 to 1 00		
Hotel Central	"	Rosario Sanchez	37 to 50		53
Hotel Soledad	"	M. Sanchez Arva	50 to 1 50		30
Hotel Michoacan	"	F. Parkhausen	50 to 1 00		36
CITY OF TOLUCA.					
Gran Sociedad	Matamoros, frente á los portales	F. Rosenzweig	75 to 1 00	Convencional.	50
Hotel Central	Plaza Principal	Señora Carrasco	50 to 1 00		18
El Leon de Oro	Juarez 15	M. Piná Partearroyo	75 to 2 00	14 00	50
San Augustin	Plaza Principal	Mendez Hermanos	50 to 1 00		20
Deposito	Guerrero	P. Ortega	50 to 1 00		15
MARAVATIO.					
Central	Plaza Principal, Portal Morelos	Incundo Montezuma	1 00	6 00	10
Mesa	Real de Mexico 33	Vicente Mesa	1 25	7 00	10
El Delirio	Calle Posada Nueva	Procopio Mesa	50	3 50	7
MONTEREY.					
Hotel Hidalgo	Plaza Hidalgo 10	J. W. Sharpe	3 00	17 50	50
Hotel Iturbide	Truragazu y Dromier	Hellion & Charpenell	2 co to 5 00	14 co	100
Hotel de la Plaza	On the Plaza	Geo. Pearson & Co	2 50	10 50 to 14 co	75
Hotel Topo Chico	Topo Chico Hot Springs				
PATZCUARO.					
Ibarra	Hda Ibarre	Francisco Solorzano	1 50	8 50	40
Concordia	Ibarre 2	Ramon Solorzano	1 50	10 00	30
SALTILLO.					
Restaurant	Mexican National Station	W. J. Russell	2 00 to 2 50		15
Hotel San Estéban	Calle Curato	M. C. Barrou	2 00 to 2 50	10 00 to 12 00	80
Hotel Tomasichi		S. Tomasichi	2 00 to 2 50	10 00 to 12 00	30
SALVATIERRA.					
Hotel de la Luz	Plaza Pral	P. Herrera	50	3 00	11
Hotel de la Cruz	Zavala 2	Ma. Luz Alvarez	50	3 00	12
SAN LUIS POTOSI.					
Jardin	Closed				
Continental	4th Zaragoza 14	J. C. Sanchez	1 25 to 1 50	Rooms only.	30
Progreso	2d Aldama	C. Nicause	2 50	16 00	24
Washington	Bravo	Mrs. Horne	1 50 to 2 00	10 00	9
American Hotel	Alameda	C. H. McClure	2 00 to 2 50	14 co	100
Nacional Mexicano	Alameda	Mrs. J. H. Morrison	1 50	7 00	
San Fernando	4th Juarez 24	Anto Verdier	2 00 to 2 50	13 00	15
Hotel de America	Plaza Principal	F. Hornstein	2 00 to 2 50	10 00	35
San Carlos	Aldama y Iturbide	C. Leantand	2 co	14 00	24
Restaurant	Alameda	Sam Lee & Co	1 50 to 2 00	10 00	

to tickets, baggage and custom-house regulations. He is a regular agent of the Company and is at the service of its patrons.

The paper money of Mexico, issued by the Banco Nacional and the Bank of London, Mexico and South America, passes at par, as do the notes of the State banks in the States where issued, but when far away from home are discounted somewhat. The gold coins are seldom seen; the *onza* is worth about $16, *media onza* $8, the *pistola* $4, *escudo* $2, *escudito* $1.

Silver and Copper.

The silver currency consists of dollars (pesos), 50c., 25c., 12½c. (reals), 6¼c. (medios), 10c. and 5c. pieces, cuartillos 3⅛c. and 1c. coins. The use of reals, medios, cuartillos and tlacos is prohibited, but a knowledge of their values is essential.

Prices for Carriages.

Yellow Flag, ½ hour or less, 25c.; 1 hour, 50c. Red Flag, ½ hour or less, 37c.; 1 hour, 75c. Blue Flag, ½ hour or less, 50c.; 1 hour, $1. Green, special rates. Sundays and feast days extra rates are charged. Tin flags indicating class are displayed on front corner of roof of coach when not engaged.

Street-car fares vary according to the distance traveled, from 5 to 25 cents. First-class cars are painted yellow, second-class are green.

Baggage Accommodation.

After baggage is examined at New Laredo, passengers can on application have baggage wire-sealed and avoid other custom houses en route to the city of Mexico.

Expressing Baggage in City of Mexico.

Transfer agent will board the train before arrival at city of Mexico, and will check and deliver baggage to hotels and residences as in the cities of the United States.

Baggage may be also checked from hotels or residences in city of Mexico to points on the line of Mexican National R. R., or to Laredo, Texas, upon application to C. P. Barrett, City Ticket Agent Mexican National R. R.,

SOME NATIVES.

Coliseo street, under San Carlos Hotel; or to J. H. CHRISTEN, proprietor International Transfer Co., No. 402 Calle Gante, near San Francisco street.

Tourists having curiosities and other small packages can send same safely to their homes through the National Railroad Express office, Ortega street, No. 28.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

NATIONAL PALACE—Present building commenced in 1692; additions have been made since. It occupies the entire eastern side of the Plaza Mayor, with a frontage of 675 feet, contains departments of the Federal Government, Hall of the Ambassadors, with portraits of Hidalgo, Iturbide, Morelos and other persons of note.

CATHEDRAL—Built upon the site of the great Aztec Temple which the Spaniards destroyed when the city was conquered in 1521. The first stone of the existing building was laid in 1573. Final dedication, 1667. Completion of the towers, 1791. Entire cost about $2,000,000. The building measures 387 feet from north to south, and 177 feet from east to west. Interior height, 179 feet. It is built of stone. Towers are 203 feet 6 inches high.

FLOWER MARKET—Glass and iron pavilion in garden west of Cathedral; best display in early morning.

MINT—Calle del Apartado; open from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

NATIONAL MUSEUM—Open daily, Saturdays excepted, from 10 A. M. to 12 noon. Aztec Calendar Stone, Sacrificial Stone, Maximilian's Chariot, Montezuma's Shield, etc.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, OR SAN CARLOS ACADEMY—Open daily, 12 M. to 3 P. M. Paintings by native and foreign artists.

PASEO DE LA REFORMA—Two and one-fifth miles long; laid out by Maximilian; runs from bronze statute of Charles IV. to gates of Chapultepec. The Paseo is the daily early morning and late afternoon ride and drive of fashionable Mexico.

CHAPULTEPEC — The Presidential residence and National Military Academy.

GUADALUPE—Holiest shrine in Mexico, old church, stone sails, cemetery, Santa Ana's tomb, Grotto Cave, and beautiful view of the city and valley of Mexico.

La Viga Canal—Take La Viga cars to La Viga gate; thence by canoe to the Chinampas or floating gardens.

Hacienda of Don Juan Corona—In this house, on the bank of the Viga Canal, can be seen a valuable and rare collection of ancient and modern Mexican curiosities. Don Juan was a retired bull-fighter become philanthropist and antiquarian. The hacienda is one of the most interesting places to visit.

Take street-car from main plaza on street leading to the northeast, ride to La Viga gate, thence by boat, or all the way on the cars.

Noche Triste Tree—Beneath which Cortez is said to have wept on the night of his disastrous retreat from Mexico, July 1, 1520.

National Library—Open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. daily.

Churches—Profesa, Santa Teresa, San Fernando and St. Domingo. Protestant—Christ Church (Episcopal); service at 11 A. M. on Sundays. Trinity Church (Methodist) stands next door; service at 10:15 A. M. The "Union Evangelical" has service at 11 A. M.

In the San Fernando Churchyard is located the tomb of Juarez and that of Generals Miramon and Mejia.

Monte de Piedad—National pawnbroking establishment. Fine gems, jewelry, etc.

Alameda—Band plays every Sunday and Thursday forenoon, from 10 to 1 o'clock.

Theatres, Etc.

Circo-Teatro Orrin—Plazuela Villamil. Capacity, 4,000.

National Theatre—Vergara street; seating capacity, 3,500.

Principal Theatre—Coliseo street; seating capacity, 2,800.

Arbeu Theatre—San Felipe Neri street; seating capacity, 700 to 1,000.

Hidalgo—Cochero street; seating capacity, 700 to 1,000.

American Hospital—The American Hospital has three large and well-arranged buildings. It is pleasantly situated a short distance outside the city gates on the Tacuba road.

The nucleus of the fund from which the hospital was built was contributed by a party of American tourists, one of their number being taken

sick en route. Since then, American residents of the city have raised from various sources moneys for the building of the hospital.

The hospital was opened in 1887, and since that time the American colony has supported it, aided at times with subscriptions of visitors. The expenses of sustaining the hospital are almost entirely dependent on voluntary contributions.

Simon Lara, Esq., a retired Spanish-American merchant, has given at different times a total of nearly $25,000.

HOSPITAL DE JESUS, in Jesus street, was founded by Cortez before the year 1594, and endowed by him; contains the only authentic portrait of Cortez and his letters patent of nobility and land grants from the King of Spain.

THE PEÑON BATHS.—In the valley of Mexico two and one half (2½) miles from the city of Mexico, are situated the celebrated Peñon Baths, which have become noted for their curative properties.

The present building is two stories high and comprises all the modern conveniences. On the ground floor are situated the bath rooms, dining room and billiard parlor, and on the second floor the parlors and dwelling rooms.

The front of the building is ornamented by a handsome balcony, from which a splendid view may be had of the city of Mexico, the village of Guadalupe to the right, and the base of the chain of mountains, surrounding the valley of Mexico, to the left.

At the rear of the building is another balcony, from which may be seen the eastern part of the valley, and the Grand Causeway lined with trees, and Lake Texcoco with its peaceful waters shimmering beyond.

Boating, bowling and other healthful games may be indulged in by the visitors.

These baths are not only recommended to the invalid in search of health, but to tourists making a visit to this most interesting of countries.

For a pamphlet giving full details pertaining to the medicinal properties of the waters, address El Sr. Director de los Baños del Peñon, city of Mexico.

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INDIAN HORN WORK—Card-trays, bowls, cups and saucers, spoons, forks, ash-trays, etc. Prices from 25 cents upward.

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New Orleans to City of Mexico via El Paso.....2,388 miles.
New Orleans to City of Mexico via Eagle Pass.....1,836 miles.
New Orleans to City of Mexico via Laredo.....1,570 miles.

New York to City of Mexico via El Paso.....3,649 miles.
New York to City of Mexico via Eagle Pass.....3,210 miles.
New York to City of Mexico via Laredo.....2,844 miles.

Chicago to City of Mexico via El Paso.....2,866 miles.
Chicago to City of Mexico via Eagle Pass.....2,471 miles.
Chicago to City of Mexico via Laredo.....2,155 miles.

St. Louis to City of Mexico via El Paso.....2,584 miles.
St. Louis to City of Mexico via Eagle Pass.....2,189 miles.
St. Louis to City of Mexico via Laredo.....1,823 miles.

Kansas City to City of Mexico via El Paso.....2,398 miles.
Kansas City to City of Mexico via Eagle Pass.....2,080 miles.
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Distances from Rio Grande Frontier and Altitudes of Principal Points on the Line of the Mexican National Railroad.

	Distance in Miles.	Altitude in Feet.
Villaldama	112	1,576
Topo Chico Hot Springs	167	1,700
Monterey	170	1,700
Saltillo	237	5,000
Vanegas	356	5,500
Catorce	371	6,000
San Luis Potosi	479	6,000
Dolores Hidalgo	565	6,000
San Miguel de Allende	587	6,000
Celaya	621	5,700
Salvatierra	644	5,700
Acambaro	664	6,200
Morelia	721	6,750
Patzcuaro	759	6,987
Maravatio	702	6,700
Toluca	795	8,700
La Cima	817	10,635
City of Mexico	840	7,300

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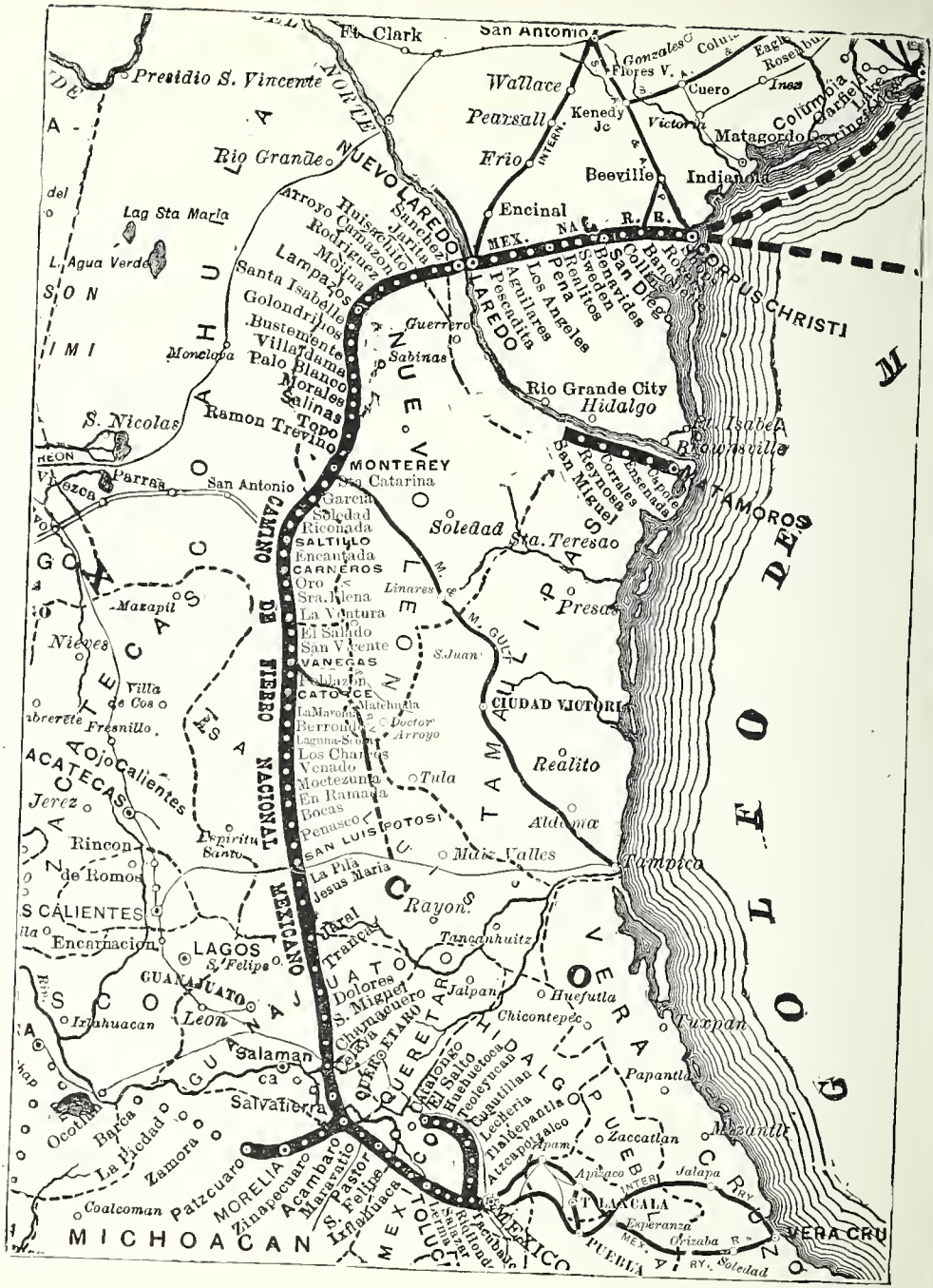
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